MENDES-FRANCE Drawn by VICKY

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Guatemala and the Security Council

Whatever may be still obscure about the situation in Guatemala, one fact is certain: last Friday, June 18, hostile armed forces crossed the borders of Honduras and with the connivance of the Honduran Government launched a premeditated assault on Guatemalan territory. It seems unreasonable to deny that an action of this kind, pending its full investigation, ought to be classed as a *prima facie* act of aggression; and, on that assumption, Guatemala appealed to the Security Council. The conduct of the Guatemalan Government during the past week has been correct, and its request for U.N. observers to report impartially on the facts is one which, in everybody's interest, should have been instantly acceded to.

In return for this impeccable behaviour, Guatemala has been rebuffed by the Security Council in a manner which already recalls the treatment that Republican Spain received from Britain, France and America before the war. The Brazilian resolution, strongly supported and probably inspired by the U.S., proposed that the whole affair should be referred to the Organisation of American States. That would have had the effect of calling on Guatemala to face the judgment of a body which is wholly dominated by the U.S. and in which, at the recent Caracas Conference, Guatemala found itself overwhelmingly outvoted by Mr. Dulles's reliable allies. In the light of recent American policy towards Guatemala, this proposal was a denial of natural justice. In any case, while regional organisations may be useful to investigate local tensions, the Security Council is clearly the proper body to investigate a well-substantiated allegation of open aggression. This is the classic situation for which the U.N. was created and given powers to deal with: the solemn obligation of the U.N. (using the Security Council as its instrument of immediate action) to resist aggression was the justification for the Korean war and has been the mainspring of Anglo-American diplomatic propaganda ever since 1945. The French resolution, adopted after the Soviet veto of the Brazilian proposal, is by itself cold comfort for a country which is being invaded. It calls for " the immediate termination of action likely to cause bloodshed " and it could well turn out, if the Great Powers so desire it, to mean very much the same as non-intervention in the Spanish war.

Why should Guatemala have been subjected to such treatment? Its only offence seems to have been an attempt to raise the deplorable living standards of its peasants to a level embarrassing to its neighbours, and by means embarrassing to the North American commercial concessionaires who have for many years done well out of Central America. If the explanation were, as in the case of Spain, simply the sloth and cynicism of the Great Powers, it would be bad enough. But it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the real reason is more sinister. Nobody suggests that the U.S. is itself guilty of the execution of the invasion of Guatemala. But in recent months, the State Department has carried out, on the flimsiest pretexts, a propaganda campaign of remarkable violence against President Arbenz's Government.

The U.S. lately rejected a request from Guatemala for a bi-lateral conference to study " all causes of tension "; it has organised a blockade of arms to Guatemala, which the Guatemalans were entitled in international law to buy and which they could now have been using to defend themselves; it has furnished arms to Honduras and Nicaragua, thus no doubt releasing the less up-to-date equipment with which those countries have supplied the invading force; it must have had prior knowledge of the invasion—certainly U.S. officials and newspapers did—and it shouts aloud its vested interest in the success of the invading army. This is the background against which the U.S., by means of the Brazilian resolution, sought to constitute itself the arbiter of Guatemala's fate, and against which Mr. Cabot Lodge, at Lake Success, taunted the Guatemalan Government with lending itself to an "obvious Communist plot" and appearing as "the catspaw of the Soviet conspiracy to meddle in the Western Hemisphere."

That the British vote at Lake Success was cast for the Brazilian resolution is deplorable. But, since the Soviet veto, that issue is dead. The invasion of Guatemala goes on; and the Security Council can no longer evade its responsibility, in the first instance at least, to establish the facts. The U.S. Administration has appeared in the last few days to be showing some signs of embarrassment at the reaction of world opinion (including that of several of the other Central and South American States) to what is widely thought of as a Washington-sponsored war. Nevertheless, it seems most likely that Mr. Lodge's attitude will be to obstruct and procrastinate, in an effort to give the invasion time to succeed. The rest of the world, and especially the smaller Powers whose very existence depends on the strong arm of the U.N., cannot afford to wait. Justice will be done if the legitimate and non-aggressive Government of Guatemala can be saved. But, whether there is time for that or not, it is both a moral duty and an urgent self-interest for Britain now to voice the conscience of the world and call on all the nations to join in condemning aggression and strengthening the rule of law. As Mr. Eden said on Wednesday, the dispute must remain before the Security Council, which must not "divest itself of responsibility."

In Defence of Europe

We should be loth to suggest that the purpose of last Friday's remarkable radio documentary on German rearmament was a conscious attempt by the B.B.C. to lend its authority to one side of the controversy within the Labour Party. Yet, intentionally or otherwise, this is what it did. For all the programme's superficial form of objectivity, it was, as the *Manchester Guardian* described it, "a fairly straightforward piece of propaganda in favour of a German contribution towards the E.D.C."; and it was timed to coincide with the publication of *In Defence of Europe*, which is the first full statement of their case by those of the Labour Party's National Executive who support the rearmament of Western Germany. The other explanation of the B.B.C.'s action—and the one which its defenders would, no doubt, stress—is that the endorsement of a "West German contribution" is now agreed by both parties, and is thus outside the field of party politics. But in truth, the issue cannot be settled until the Scarborough Conference; and there is more than a possibility that, when it is put to the vote, the official Labour leadership may lose.

A certain note of despair can be detected in the pamphlet's advocacy; its authors have invoked every emotional prejudice which can be conjured up—from the spectre of Soviet military aggression to the ghost of Ernest Bevin. Yet the flaws in the argument are evident. The case for E.D.C. is presented by ignoring or misrepresenting the most formidable arguments against it. Insufficient regard is paid to the dangers of arming a divided Germany; no convincing indication is given how, once a West German army exists, it can be limited to twelve divisions, or confined within the legalistic, and, we believe, nugatory safeguards of E.D.C.; in denouncing the obstructive attitude of the Russians at the Berlin Conference, the point is not made with sufficient clarity that the West never offered a straight deal of a demilitarised Germany in return for free all-German elections; and, above all, it is never made clear that the most formidable argument against the "precondition" of West German rearmament is that no irrevocable step should be taken until after a serious attempt has been made to strike such a bargain.

Apart from these omissions and distortions, the whole appeal is curiously out of date. Again and again the safeguards of E.D.C. are mentioned with the implication (more than once explicitly stated) of the dangers of an independent German army. Yet does any informed observer of European politics now believe that E.D.C. is going to materialise? The pamphlet which seeks to make the rearming of Dr. Adenauer's Germany acceptable to British Socialists because, inside E.D.C., it would involve no independent German army, is published two days after the Paris correspondent of *The Times* was able to say, last Saturday, "whatever happens . . . Mr. Mendès-France has killed the E.D.C. treaty as it stands today; no one, after this, will be able to resuscitate it."

Geneva Continues

Events have amply justified the view, expressed in our columns last week, that the Geneva talks on Indo-China would not be broken off. Concessions by the Chinese—which might have been anticipated at this point in the negotiations—have met the Western demand that Laos and Cambodia should be dealt with separately from Viet Nam. Though the discussions are still running into difficulties about the composition of the Commission to supervise any armistice, the biggest hurdle has been overcome. Representatives of the belligerents are actually meeting and dealing with the withdrawal of "foreign troops" and the demarcation of "regroupment areas." How much success they achieve, or whether new difficulties will arise, largely depends on the outcome of the meeting between M. Mendès-France and Mr. Chou En-lai—a confidential discussion which may well have been arranged with the help of Mr. Eden. If M. Mendès-France is able, in the next two or three weeks, to secure some sort of agreement on Indo-China, it seems unlikely that the Foreign Ministers will return to Geneva; the Conference will have achieved all that could be expected. Their departure—and the return to private negotiations—suggests success rather than failure.

A Glut of Wheat

The International Wheat Council ended its meeting in London this week in a state of no little uncertainty. Only half the wheat provided for under this year's agreement has yet been sold, all at prices within the range allowed under the agreement, so that no country has yet come under an obligation to take up its quota, which comes into force only when the world price moves outside these limits. Meanwhile, countries outside the agreement have suffered no disadvantage. The importers among them have been able to buy as cheaply as others, and the exporters have actually sold a higher proportion of their crops. The question is what is to happen to the large unsold surplus. Some had expected that, in face of this, the United States would reduce its own price to the minimum and call on the importing countries to take up their quotas; but the American delegate denied that this was intended for the present crop year, without giving any assurances about what would happen after next month, when a new year will begin. If, in or after August, the United States does cut its price to the minimum under the agreement, probably prices in the "free," non-agreement market will fall below that minimum, and Great Britain will reap the benefit of having stayed outside when the agreement was renewed. But in these circumstances—or indeed before they were allowed to arise—there would probably be a renewed effort to get Great Britain to come in again. It is not to our interest—and still less is it to that of the Dominions—that the bottom should fall out of the wheat market: all Great Britain asks for is that prices under the agreement shall be realistic and shall not be held up artificially by the desire of the United States to pass on the burden of its farm subsidies to the consuming countries. The present glut of wheat is due partly to large crops in a number of the importing centres and partly to some of these countries reducing excessive stocks.

The Chinese Come to London

Peking's promise of a trade delegation and a Chargé d'Affairs in London brings to an end an absurd situation. Since the Revolution five years ago, the British people, throughout friendly to the Chinese, have been without any direct channel of communication with Peking. There was first a period of six months in which, instead of reciprocating Britain's recognition of Peking, the Chinese raised issues about the ownership of certain aircraft (a long out-of-date controversy), about the presence of a British Consul in Formosa (a useful official whose position implied no recognition of Chiang Kai-shek) and, more important, about Britain's regrettable failure boldly to come out in public (as well as privately) to support Peking's right to a seat on the Security Council. Recently—certainly since the cease-fire in Korea—the Chinese have known that not to be represented in London was to handicap themselves, not to punish Britain. The good relations established between Mr. Eden and Chou En-lai in Geneva have finally turned the scale. At Geneva they have discovered that British groups like the Federation of British Industries, ideologically opposed to Communism as they are, wish to improve trade relations with Peking; they have learnt too that there is a large range of British goods available for China in spite of the United Nations ban on war materials. Above all, they have become convinced that they have many warm friends who have throughout fought for "peace with China" and that from all sections of the British public they will receive a friendly welcome. The historic Chinese Embassy building (in which Sun Yat-sen was once imprisoned and from which he was rescued by an Englishman) has stood empty for five years. It is still the property of the Chinese Government and still awaits its representatives.

The McCarthy Method

On Tuesday this week *The Times* published what must be the definitive comment on Senator McCarthy. The source was the Senator himself, who was asked by Mr. Hensel, Assistant Secretary of Defence, "why he had brought the charges against him" in the recent hearings on the Army-McCarthy feud, "knowing them to be without foundation." The report continues:

> The Senator replied that he had followed a maxim taught him by an Indian, named Charlie, with whom he had worked on a farm. Charlie had advocated as a rule of conduct that "if one were approached by another person in a not completely friendly fashion, one should start kicking at the other person as fast as possible below the belt until the person was rendered helpless."

Senator McCarthy added "that he followed that principle in this case."

PARIS

The New Government

Our Paris Correspondent writes: On the eve of last Thursday's investiture debate, neither M. Mendès-France nor his supporters were sanguine. The new Premier was certainly helped by a number of external factors, in particular by the news from Geneva on Wednesday. But his success was due, in the main, to his remarkably short and effective investiture speech and, above all, to his replies to Deputies' questions during the debate itself. Some fifty or sixty Deputies changed their minds in the course of the debate and a score of them—mostly Gaullists and Independents—only switched in the last few minutes of frantic lobbying. Even so, it was the decision of the ten M.R.P. Deputies to ignore party discipline and vote in favour that finally decided the issue. Without their votes, Mendès-France's total would have been 409—one short of the "national" majority, excluding Communists, on which he insisted.

The new Government, which, in view of the remarkable circumstances of the investiture, was formed with great rapidity, represents a number of compromises. Mendès-France's original intention, it is understood, was to give the Quai d'Orsay to M. Naegelen, who, like himself, is anti-E.D.C. but (somewhat) in favour of German rearmament. This intention was of course frustrated by the Socialist refusal to participate, but it is quite possible that they will change their minds at a later date. A big surprise was the appointment of M. Mitterrand, Mendès-France's principal adviser on North African problems, to the Interior instead of to the specially-created Ministry of Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs. The views of M. Fouchet, who finally got the post, are by no means advanced and his choice is a notable concession to the Right wing of Mendès-France's majority. Another surprise was the omission (at his own request) of M. Soustelle, who has been one of Mendès-France's firmest supporters in recent months. This was probably due to Mendès-France's failure to offer him the Ministry of Defence, which went instead to General Koenig. Yet the choice of Koenig is almost certainly a wise one. He has been a successful chairman of the Assembly Defence Committee and his position as leader of the "generals' group" will go far to bridge the gap, which in recent months has become alarming, between the Service chiefs and the Ministry itself. Finally, there remains the question of the retention of four members of the last Government. The appointment of M. Ulver can be defended on the grounds that he made a remarkably successful Secretary of the Budget under M. Laniel and that there was no intrinsic reason to remove him; a similar argument can be used in favour of the choice of M. Lemaire. M. Hughes was probably retained because he is one of the most reasonable members of the pro-E.D.C. Radicals. The inclusion of M. Faure is more debatable, but it should be remembered that he is an old protegé of Mendès-France and that his policy as Minister of Finance received almost unanimous approval at the last Radical Party Conference. His presence in the Government does not alter Mendès-France's intention to introduce fundamental changes in the planning and direction of France's economy.

ROME

Le Rouge et le Noir

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Rome is closely watching political developments in Paris. M. Mendès-France's investiture is generally regarded here as fatal to French ratification of E.D.C.; but while some sources close to the Government insist that Italy will "go it alone" for fear of recent threats from Washington, others point out that much may happen before E.D.C. comes up for debate. A far sharper reaction is that of Catholic circles to the French Premier's support by Communists, whose votes have been described as "the kiss of Judas." This has revived for Italian Catholics the whole problem of the Church's relations with the Left.

The Pope's Easter message on atomic warfare was widely interpreted as an attempt to raise the Church above the East-West issue, and especially to prevent its identification with the Western bloc. Shortly before Easter, Signor Togliatti had called for "an agreement between Communists and Catholics to save human civilisation" from thermo-nuclear weapons. The Mayor of Florence, Signor La Pira, had previously concluded a *rapprochement* between Marxists and progressive Catholics. This, together with certain Leftish resolutions by the Worker Groups of Catholic Action, led some observers to expect more amenability from the Church as a whole, and a reflection of this in the Christian-Democratic Party.

Nevertheless, at the minor trials of strength preceding the Demo-Christian Congress, the victory seems to have gone, not to Signor Gronchi and the Left, but to Signori Fanfani and De Gasperi, who represent the Centre. Collaboration with the Left is now less likely still in view of the agreement recently signed between the employers' Confindustria and the non-Communist Unions. The C.G.I.L. has rejected the employers' terms, and called fresh general strikes in Rome, Milan, and other cities, and national strikes in selected industries.

Industry, moreover, is not the only field where social problems have lately become acute. For two months the agricultural province of Ferrara, with some 4,000 farms, has been paralysed by a strike of labourers, now some 100,000 strong, 400 of whom have been arrested in clashes with the police. The average wage of these "braccianti" is £2 13s. per week: but conditions are even worse in Southern Italy. All this spells trouble for the Government, and a sharpened struggle between Catholics and Communists for the allegiance of the poverty-stricken South.

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WESTMINSTER

Candidate for Freedom

By four o'clock in the morning of an all-night sitting, when the eye-lids are lined with sand, when the tongue is cleft to the palate with a thirst that drink cannot assuage, and when the inner workings, rumbling with hunger, are nauseated rather than inspired by the sight of fried eggs in congealed fat, one wonders what it is all about. By tradition we suffer at least one all-night sitting on the Finance Bill. We endured one last week and we live in prospect of more. Last week's was a fair example. We spent two hours and a half either tramping through lobbies or discussing whether or not we should stop discussing.

For the rest, we debated relative merits and demerits of investment allowances, initial allowances and various permutations of the two. We listened to a series of fine economic points cogently explained by Hugh Gaitskell who was patiently didactic, by Tony Crosland who was devastatingly rude to the Tories with a polished urbanity fortified by academic correctitude, and by Roy Jenkins who leaned forward as though his knees were double jointed to write his points with a probing finger on the waistcoats opposite. But it was not adequate material to keep members from their beds awaiting a sallow dawn and the coming day's work. In convincing people that the Opposition is really fighting hard the all-night sitting is a useful weapon. Even if people do not follow what we said they are impressed by the fact that we went without sleep to say it. If the all-night endurance test is related to something understandable like higher rents or heavier taxation it is, therefore, useful. But last week's effect was, in terms of popular comprehension, as relevant as a debate on how many angels can dance on the point of a pin.

Labour Members this week have been counting not angels but miners. On the assumption that Gaitskell, in the election for Party Treasurer, is supported by the Municipal Workers and the Transport Workers, whilst Bevan could win the votes of the Railwaymen, the Electricians, the Engineers, several smaller unions and most of the constituency parties, the issue would turn on the Miners. Will their normal tendency to go with the big battalions be diverted because Bevan was a miner? So the count proceeds. He could get the Scottish and Welsh Miners but not Durham or Yorkshire and so on. Bevan has probably not troubled to compute. Even if he should decide to stand he probably would not expect to win. He might even hope to lose. His supporters say that his purpose would be to demonstrate his opposition to the economic and foreign policies of Gaitskell, and to prove, should Gaitskell win, that the trade union vote can be used to select those rejected by the constituency parties. Again it is suggested that Bevan feels himself imprisoned by an Executive Committee with whose policy he is in violent conflict. He would like to resign, it is hinted, feels this would be a breach of faith to those who elected him, so embarks on a gesture which will give him liberty and a martyr's crown as well.

Two days of Landlord and Tenant Bill showed Leslie Hale back on the job shooting at two hundred and fifty words a minute with his usual mixture of common sense, moral indignation, unanswerable logic and extravaganza. The report on the staffing of the House, for which Percy Daines and Charles Pannell were mainly responsible, uncovers as pretty a nest of nepotism as exists outside a Ruritanian principality. The existence of this island of feudal practice is a joke which I propose to treat seriously next week.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Sir Andrew Cohen and the Baganda

In the same week as the Gold Coast sets out on its final steps towards full independence, Sir Keith Hancock begins his attempt to negotiate a solution to the constitutional problems of Uganda. All who desire happy race relations and the progress of African communities will wish him well. Certainly the situation which he finds on arrival presents difficulties which are of necessity great, and which have recently had added to them an unnecessary bitterness. The blunt fact is that, despite his skill and despite the trust he may well win from both Africans and the Government, Sir Keith's work will be sterile unless it is possible to restore confidence between the African population and the Governor. This is a problem of human relations rather than constitutional ingenuity, and hardly comes within Professor Hancock's terms of reference.

Unfortunately for everybody (and greatly to the regret of all those in Britain who had looked on the present Governor's appointment as a ray of hope in the darkening African scene), Sir Andrew Cohen has played high and lost. Three years ago he was welcomed enthusiastically by the African community, which looked forward to a steady development on the pattern of Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Inevitably, if he was to lead the country in democratic development, he had to lose some of his popularity with certain sections, particularly with those entrenched in feudal privilege. His tragedy is that he seems to have lost the confidence of all sections of the Baganda, the most important of the African communities, and shaken the trust of the other tribes.

It is now clear that his first miscalculation (it was perhaps understandable at the time) was to deport the Kabaka last November. He failed to realise the deep emotions which would be aroused among all the Baganda by such an interference with their most hallowed institution. It is not absurd to compare their resentment with that which the British people would feel about any alien interference with the British Monarchy. Sir Andrew was beyond doubt sincere in his conviction that the Kabaka was a barrier to the progress of his people. To some extent he was probably right: certainly there were many African critics of Mutesa II. But the effect of the Kabaka's deportation has been to unite his critics and his supporters in defence of their ruler and the monarchy. The Baganda, moreover, consider themselves an aristocratic tribe, descended through a thousand years from their Bahima ancestors. Such ancient roots cannot easily be dug up and transplanted within a few months. The Kabaka's banishment profoundly shocked the social and political sensibilities of the whole country, and produced a feeling of insecurity.

Once the Governor had created this situation, he was faced with the choice of either continuing to act autocratically or of using tact and sympathy to rebuild the confidence of the Baganda. He was undoubtedly hampered by the intransigent insistence of both leaders and people on the Kabaka's restoration. But when Professor Hancock first agreed to undertake his constitutional mission, it seemed as if that trust might be rebuilt. Everything hinged on the position of the Kabaka himself. If the Baganda were to see a new possibility of co-operation, the question of his return had to be left in abeyance. Many of the Baganda undoubtedly believed that the Hancock mission might lead to Mutesa's restoration; but, if that was always a vain hope, Sir Keith could have been left to disillusion them sympathetically. In the event, the Governor decided to take his second gamble; and he has lost again. He seems to have seen it as his duty to make a demonstration that the deportation of the Kabaka was final—even though the young ruler has behaved in an exemplary manner and was not interfering in events in Uganda. Thus the Governor and his Government have chosen to move further along the all too familiar pattern of autocratic colonial action. Edicts have been sent out to all chiefs to inform the people that Mutesa will never return; there has been interference in the personal affairs of the Royal Palace; elections to the constitutional committee have been vetoed, political leaders exiled and newspapers banned.

Official insistence on the finality of Mutesa's exile, followed by increasingly autocratic Government action, has greatly intensified the resentment of the Baganda and has reinforced their determination to secure the return of their ruler. Meanwhile, they are being rapidly alienated from the Uganda Government, from the approach to democracy within the Protectorate, and from any African leaders who still desire to co-operate with British policy. At the same time, all Sir Andrew Cohen's fine promise of leadership has been stultified. If Professor Hancock can redeem this situation, all Africa will be in his debt; but his task has been rendered tragically heavy.

Poverty and Welfare

We publish this week the last of the six articles in which Norman MacKenzie has described his inquiry into poverty and social welfare in St. Helens. His findings, which correspond to others made recently by social scientists, show that poverty is much more severe and widespread than is generally realised; that severe hardship is not confined to retirement pensioners, though these are the largest group below the poverty line; and that, despite full employment, a large number of the lower-paid workers with two or more children, are unable to afford adequate standards of nutrition, clothing and shelter. From the examples he has given it is clear that the Welfare State is very far from ensuring "freedom from want." Neither National Insurance benefits, nor even the supplement of National Assistance, are adequate defences today against poverty—especially if misfortune is prolonged.

The Welfare State, indeed, has never been squarely based upon any clear definition of human or social need. As Mr. MacKenzie has argued, its level of benefits from the outset has been based upon an arbitrary conception of what the State and the Insurance contributors could afford. And it is this conception, allied to the inflexible and increasingly inadequate system of flat-rate contributions, that is steadily leading the finance of social security into a welter of difficulties, and encouraging such alarmism about the future cost of retirement pensions.

Many Socialists have allowed themselves to fall victim to Tory arguments about the cost of social security, and have remained blind to the greatest defect in the system; all our social insurance and most of our social services are in fact financed by poll-taxes and indirect taxation that fall most heavily upon the working-class and even more on those who are at or below the subsistance level. Too many are satisfied that the answer to the present crisis in social security is that given by the Labour Party's pledge in *Challenge to Britain* that benefits shall be restored to the 1946 level. While this would help many pensioners, sick or unemployed workers, it would do nothing at all for the poorest of all—the two and a half millions who are dependent upon National Assistance—unless Assistance rates were raised sufficiently to maintain at least their present lead over Insurance scales.

The crisis goes far deeper: it is inherent in Lord Beveridge's original plan. Until social security and the social services are used as the instrument of a very substantial redistribution of the national income, they are bound to be financed by regressive taxation. They thus accomplish little more than a redistribution between different sections of the working-class, not a shift of income from richer to poorer. We spend today almost the same proportion of the national income on social security—5.5 per cent—as we spent in 1938. In 1938 prices, annual expenditure per head was £6 10*s*. in 1938, against £6 15*s*. in the peak year of 1951. In 1938, the social services took 28 per cent. of all Government spending; last year, they claimed the same amount, or 31 per cent. if food subsidies are included.

These are the figures that truly measure the alleged "burden" of the Welfare State; and to see them in proper perspective one must add that the proportion of Government revenue raised by taxation of the working-class has greatly increased. The worker—even the man drawing Assistance—must pay out far more of his income on indirect taxation, while since the middle of the war the employed worker's income-tax liability has risen more steeply than that of many professional people. As a whole, taxation on the working-class alone more than meets the entire cost of all its social services and benefits.

It is in this context that the Labour Movement should consider its fiscal and social policies, and it is regrettable that some trade unions are so wedded to the sham "insurance" principle of the Beveridge system that they refused last year to consider alternative suggestions that were canvassed on the highest levels of the Labour Party. For the Beveridge system has in fact already broken down. It is full employment, not social security, that stands as the barrier between millions of our people and deep poverty. Patching will not be enough for the next Labour Government. It will not do more than maintain the position we had reached before the war. If we are to make the Welfare State what we designed it to be in 1946, let alone use it as a step towards a Socialist society, the finance of social security and of the social services generally must be based on a new scheme, designed to redistribute the national income in favour of the working-class, not merely to provide a façade of insurance to conceal regressive taxation.

Behind the Guatemalan Front

On Thursday, June 17—the day on which the U.S. demanded from all nations the right to "visit and search" vessels suspected of carrying arms to Guatemala—the Honduras correspondents of American papers were reporting that khaki-clad men and arms were being flown in chartered planes from Tegucigalpa, the capital, to the Guatemalan frontier. Next day, the news broke that armed forces, under the direction of exiled Guatemalan Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, had invaded the territory of the Republic—a country about the size of Ireland, with 3 million inhabitants comprising 2 million poor, illiterate Indians, the remainder being half-castes, with a tiny fraction of pure Whites of European and North American stock.

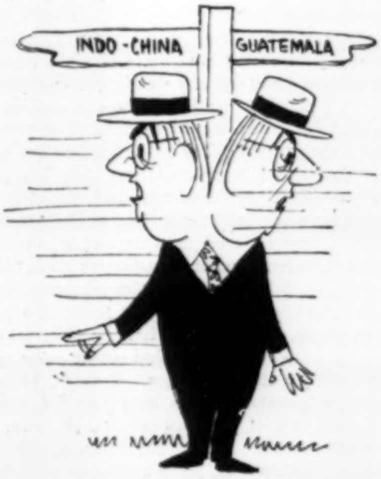
To appreciate the origins of the rebel movement and its background of Guatemalan relations with U.S. big business and the Government in Washington, it is necessary to go back 50 years. In 1904, Estrada Cabrera, then dictator of Guatemala, made an agreement with International Railways of Central America, an undertaking now controlled by the United Fruit Company, to complete the partly-constructed railway between Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean to Guatemala City. In return, the I.R.C.A. became owners of the railway, the port and 50,000 acres of adjoining land. (Its obligation to pay certain taxes has not—according to the Guatemalan Government—been fulfilled.) A few years later, United Fruit obtained directly a further large land concession, which was again greatly extended in the 1920s. As a result, the production and export of bananas were greatly increased, though coffee continued to be the largest single crop.

So things continued—dictatorship succeeded by dictatorship; 73 per cent. of the land owned by 2 per cent. of the population; an unorganised landless peasantry employed on plantations; four-fifths of the Republic's foreign trade conducted with the U.S.—until 1944. In that year the mad dictator, Ubico, was overthrown by a *coup* undertaken by students and young army officers, including among them Colonel (then Captain) Jacobo Arbenz. After three months of provisional rule by a Junta of Three a presidential election was held, and 85 per cent. of the votes were won by Juan Arévalo, a liberal teacher who had spent the previous 13 years exiled in Argentina. The reformist regime which he established took the first steps in social legislation. It instituted a Labour Code, and enacted a few modest social security measures, notably compensation for industrial accidents. More important for the future, it legalised trade unions; and, after a visit to Guatemala in 1945 by Toledano, the famous Mexican Labour leader, two labour federations—the General Confederation of Guatemalan Workers (C.G.T.G.) and the National Confederation of Peasants (C.N.C.) began to be organised. Friction between the unions and United Fruit over wage demands soon followed.

In the six years of Arévalo's presidency, party alignment in Guatemalan politics took shape. The three main parties were, and are (1) the Party of Revolutionary Action (P.A.R.), which follows broadly the anti-imperialist line of the Peruvian party led by Haya de la Torre; (2) the Party of National Renovation (P.R.N.) tinged with near-Peronist ideas; (3) the Left-centre Guatemalan Revolution Party (P.R.G.). In addition, a Communist-led Workers Party (P.T.G.) was formed late in 1952—the pattern being completed by the small anti-Communist and quasi-Trotskyist Revolutionary Party and a Right-wing Bloc representing the land-owning interests.

In 1950, President Arévalo retired and was succeeded by Colonel Jacobo Arbenz, who secured 65 per cent. of the votes against General Ydigoras Fuentes (Right) and Garcia Granados (Centre). In the ensuing elections for Congress 40 of the 56 seats were secured by the three main parties of the Government Coalition (P.A.R., P.R.G., and P.R.N.), while 12 Deputies representing the Right Opposition and 4 Communists were elected. Thus the Government continued on moderate reformist lines; and, it may be noted, the Congressional elections of January, 1953, resulted in a setback for the Communists and a marked trend towards strengthening a Centre Coalition. No Ministerial portfolio is, in fact, held by a Communist. In the labour unions, however, Communist influence clearly increased, the C.G.T.G. (30,000 workers) and the C.N.C. (150,000 peasants) being led respectively by Victor Gutierrez and Leonardo Flores, both of whom visited Eastern Europe last year. Pressure from the unions may have played some part in deciding the Government, in June, 1952, to enact its Agrarian Reform Law; but, in any case, the need for such a measure was overwhelming. Though Arévalo's legislation had done something to mitigate the old conditions, under the dictatorship, of peonage and debt indenture amounting to near-slavery, and the ex-German coffee plantations had been nationalised in 1942, the problem of landless peasantry remained, and was aggravated by the fact that an immense acreage of land in private ownership was uncultivated. Huge tracts, for instance, were kept sterile, as a "reserve," by United Fruit.

The Law was not drastic: it applied only to uncultivated land in holdings over 225 acres (or over 675 acres if not less than two-thirds were under cultivation). The measure, however, hit hard at United Fruit, with its vast fallow acreage, of which 400,000 were scheduled for expropriation; and the Company was further outraged by the fact that compensation was payable only on the basis of the valuation for taxation purposes previously put by owners on their land! United Fruit, with its 3m. acres of concessions, 100 steamships and over 2,000 miles of railway, is the "Sixth State" of Central America. Articles began to appear in the American press charging the Guatemalan Government with "Communism": and, on March 12, 1953, Mr. Spruille Braden, formerly Secretary for Latin American Affairs in the State Department, and now Public Relations Director of United Fruit, said, in a speech at Dartmouth College, that the removal of "international Communism" from Guatemala "even by force" would not constitute "intervention.' A fortnight later an armed insurrection took place in the city of Salama. It was suppressed; and the Ambassador of El Salvador, charged with providing the rebels with 60 machine guns, was expelled. On April 4, Guatemala withdrew from the Organisation of Central American States, holding that other members had connived in the March plot.



That's aggression — that was!

Last January, President Arbenz announced the discovery of a plan to invade the country with the support of Honduras and Nicaragua. The leaders of the "invasion" were said to be Colonel Armas, who had been implicated in the March, 1953, rising and had escaped to Honduras from prison, and General Fuentes, who had been defeated by President Arbenz in the 1950 elections. It was alleged by Guatemala that Colonel Somoza, the son of the Nicaraguan dictator, had arranged with a German firm for the supply of arms to the rebels, and that insurgent forces on Nicaraguan soil had been trained by a former U.S. Army Colonel, Carl Studer, now said to be employed by United Fruit.

In May, 1954, a shipment of arms from Czechoslovakia reached Guatemala in a Swedish ship. The U.S. retorted by starting an air-lift of arms to Honduras and Nicaragua. Previously, at the Inter-American Conference at Caracas, in April, Mr. Dulles had got a resolution passed pledging joint action against "Communist infiltration"—a resolution obviously aimed at Guatemala. Factors in the situation which may well have led the State Department to conclude that United Fruit interests in Central America were in jeopardy are that, though a strike of banana plantation workers in Guatemala was settled shortly before the present "invasion," there had been a six weeks' stoppage of over 40,000 United Fruit workers in "reliable" Honduras, while Panama, where there had also been a labour dispute with United Fruit, had announced that it intended to "renegotiate" its concession.

London Diary

Newspapers that have put it about that Dr. Cort is a subversive fellow, evading the draft and making as much trouble as possible between England and America, now owe this rather unworldly scientist an apology. For it was only at the very last minute, after scientists, M.P.s and newspapers had intervened on his behalf, that friends discovered and made available to the Home Office documents in Dr. Cort's possession that decisively prove that he had not left America to evade the draft. These included his U.S. Army medical record, which showed him to be the victim of various disabilities, including the "after-effects of polio," "marked myopia," and a "dangerous allergy." (This allergy means that anti-toxin injections from horse serum, which are the standard wound injections in modern armies, would have fatal effects in his case.) Finally, he is still suffering from "residual tuberculosis." He has his official army record carrying these medical details. He was also able to show the Home Office his draft registration card (May, 1951) issued by the Newhaven Draft Board two weeks before he left America. This card proves that he had cleared himself with the Draft Board, while the induction notice sent to him later showed that, so far from trying to hide, he had supplied the American authorities with his English address.

He was also able to show three letters he had received from the U.S. Embassy in the autumn and winter of 1951. This is a Kafka correspondence; it issued orders for him to return to America and give up his passport, but gave no reasons, and offered, as advice, that he should sign an affidavit, without saying about what and for whom. Finally, the Home Office need not worry about Dr. Cort as a stateless person, since he desires to apply for British naturalisation at the first legal date, that is, in about a year's time. Another point which I hope Sir David Maxwell Fyfe will clear up is why the American police authorities could use the British police to grill an American in this country.

* * *

Last week eight members of the United States Congress Committee on Communist Aggression arrived in London to collect evidence on Communist methods in Eastern Europe. They examined three Czech refugees, including a former Social-Democrat M.P. and an ex-Minister of the Catholic People's Party. Also, they interrogated King Michael of Rumania. These witnesses—on oath, as if in a court of justice—gave their evidence in Kensington Palace Hotel. The world's press was represented by two or three carefully selected American journalists, including a correspondent of Radio Free Europe. The British press seems not to have been invited to this curious occasion. The questioning was chiefly carried out by Congressman Kersten of Wisconsin. He was visibly annoyed when one of the Czechs explained that the three-year alliance between Communists and other groups in the Government of Czechoslovakia had given the country a useful opportunity to organise and to rehabilitate its economy. Kersten said that the three years had merely served as a "softening up" period for the Communists. King Michael committed himself to the view that there could never be a *modus vivendi* between the two halves of the world. A friend who has followed this story believes that the main object of this inquiry was to build up a case that Republican Congressmen could use against the Democrats.

* * *

On Independence Day in Burma (January 4, 1948) Premier Nu told me that he meant only to be Prime Minister for six months. Naturally neither I nor anyone else thought he would so soon disentangle himself from power and office. Any chance he might have had was ended by the Communist-Karen rebellion. Today, with the civil war finished, and the country beginning to recover, Nu is making another effort to get rid of the burden which prevents him spending his time as a man of letters and a Buddhist devotee. Just how much difference his retirement from the Premiership will make to his personal life is not quite clear, since he proposes to remain President of A.F.P.F.L. and he has managed, in spite of office, to write a play, a novel and an autobiographical narrative of the Burmese Resistance (reviewed this week in this journal). But when Nu says that he wants a younger colleague to take over the Premiership from him, he quite simply means what he says. The Socialist group which took charge in 1948 are a party of friends; many of them were at school together, were in prison together, fought together during the war, and have since ruled as a team.

* * *

I had an interesting talk the other day with Mr. Bhashani, an impressive Moslem dignitary, with a fringe of grey whiskers that any of our Victorian fathers would have envied. Leader of the Awami League in East Bengal, he is naturally angry about the dismissal of the United Front Government which he declares did some good things in its short period of office. It did something for civil liberties, it abolished the jute tax, and its Ministers took salaries of 1,000 instead of 2,500 rupees. He said it was not given a chance to govern, because power still resides in the hands of the small group of jute kings who have for so long run Bengal. He flatly denied that the degree of disorder could possibly be held to justify the Governor's dismissal of an administration which, at the recent election, had won the support of about 97 per cent. of the people. He expects to join most of his friends in jail when he gets back to Dacca. This doesn't alarm him, since he was imprisoned 16 times by the British, as well as twice by Pakistan Governments. First and foremost he wants to deal effectively with the problem of feudal landlordism; and the effective way is for the State to take over the land and then redistribute it on a co-operative basis. Mr. Bhashani insists, as a good Moslem, that every member of the co-operatives must have some land which is his personal property.

* * *

On May 30, *the Sunday Express* asked "why does your coal cost you so much?" and gave as "part of the answer" that "down in Somerset" there was a coal mine which had "paid its way handsomely for ten generations." Then the Coal Board took over and "according to the local story" lost "£19,000 in the first year, £60,000 in the next year, and so on," while its clerical staff increased from one to thirty-four! Referring to this, a well-informed local resident writes to tell me that no colliery in Somerset was making a profit before the Coal Board took over; that individual pit profits or losses cannot be abstracted from the Coal Board accounts; and that the staff for the Somerset coalfield—less than one hundred in all apart from managers and under managers at four of the pits—is concentrated at Radstock. These facts were pointed out to the *Sunday Express* by the Divisional Coal Board, but no correction has so far been published. I understand that the *Express* now claims that the pit is "at Radstock." There are no pits in operation at Radstock.

* * *

"Jet engines in the country and now these infernal helicopters! Soon there will be no peace even in Charing Cross!" I said, shutting the window angrily. The window cleaner, who had opened it, said: "There doesn't seem much sense in it, does there? They say six people can save forty minutes getting to the airport in each helicopter. I don't see how that helps the people in hospital who can't get any sleep. After all most people can't afford to go by helicopter and those people who can afford the cost are just those who can afford the time to go by bus!" Following this train of thought I wondered first why the Air Authorities don't use underground stations or even arrange a special branch line at the airport. And then I remembered that somebody told me that the new post-war generation doesn't mind noise in the way we did. They leave the wireless on all day; they don't want to think and so don't find a row disturbing. . . . I don't believe this. If the younger generation doesn't mind about noise that is only because it is younger. I don't believe any younger generation has ever minded noise. This is only one of the technocrats' excuses. I wish they would apply their ingenuity to "silencing" aircraft as, in the course of years, they have silenced motor cars. In that case no one would object to enabling a handful of people to have another drink before their plane leaves Heathrow.

* * *

At ten o'clock each morning the milk cart arrives in our street. The village of Charing Cross knows no more popular moment. We pour out from our offices with pint and half-pint bottles for that cup of tea at 11 o'clock which all the world knows is required by the British constitution. Until the other day we also enjoyed the chance to pat the pony which pulled the Express Dairy van. For half an hour you could hear from our windows the pleasant chink of milk bottles and the Edwardian cloppety-clop of the pony as he went from street to street. The milkman's pride in his sleek pony was a fine thing to see; it stopped at all the right spots and came quietly along to the next one when he called from the end of the street that it was time to move on. Some six weeks ago the Company decided that the pony should work a less exacting round on the edge of South London. The milkman is broken-hearted; he pays the pony occasional visits, but in Charing Cross he has to put up with an electric van which, in unhappy contrast to his pony, is apt to break down. Now that there is no pony to munch a lump of sugar, most of the charm of fetching our morning milk has gone. But the girls still run out of the offices carrying their empty milk bottles in front of them as gallantly as if they were babies. The men are for some reason shy about it. They bring brown paper or even newspapers to wrap the bottles in, for all the world as if they were purchasing ladies' underclothing or bottles of whisky.

CRITIC

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

Sir Winston is a Garter Knight,
  Of Britain's chivalry the flower,
But as he wendeth on his flight
To meet the gentle Eisenhower,
  Some behold his knightly quest
With countenance and comment sour,
  Scorn his armour, shield and crest.

Churls in Washington declare,
  When the dragon they attack,
False Sir Winston speaks it fair,
  Britain's knighthood holding back;
  Through the Iron Curtain's crack
Parleying with Red Chinese,
  Hindering the final whack,
They the questing beast appease.

Varlets left in London ask,
  Is mere courtesy enough
For this formidable task?
  The State Department's getting tough,
  Calling everybody's bluff—
Will they force him to agree,
  Rudely shaking by the scruff
Britain's proudest chivalry?

When the Paladins retire,
  When in private they confer,
Might Sir Winston and his squire
  All too courteously concur
  In some project sinister?
Britain's knighthood puts to flight
  With one word this slanderous slur—
Sir Winston is a Garter Knight.

See the Order that he wears,
  Seated at the Table Round,
Read the motto that it bears,
  Learn by heart that phrase renowned!
  Who dare slight this knight renowned,
Look upon his quest askance?
  Speed Sir Winston, westward-bound!
  Honi soit qui mal y pense!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Presumably Lord Montgomery stuck to the German instrument of surrender for the same reason that Test batsmen after the last ball of a match help themselves to stumps and bails.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (E. Bendeman.)

"Even so, I can hardly afford to go away for weekends these days. Butler's tips have gone up so much."—Frederick Ashton reported in *Evening Standard*. (F. Doncaster.)

After five years on a committee which has never met, village postmaster Ronald Merrick is becoming impatient. He feels it is time someone at least sent him a letter. Or told him what the committee is for.

"I don't think we even have a chairman," said Mr. Merrick, who, as the Great Gonerby representative on West Kesteven, Lincs, rural council, has just been elected for the sixth time to Grantham and West Kesteven Fuel Control Committee.—*News Chronicle*. (M. E. Roberton.)

I am absolutely fed up with cinemas, which I visit about four times a week.—Letter in *Reveille*. (F. Richford.)

Low Wages and Large Families

WAGES are based on the work that a man does, not on his needs. Two men, working at the same job and receiving the same pay, have family obligations or spending habits that are so varied that one is poor and the other prosperous. One has three children, the other none; one travels a long bus-ride to work, the other cycles. One has a low rent, the other a high one. Their trade union cannot take account of such differences; there is no way that it could. But the Welfare State must and does do something to equalise the burden. By taxation, by subsidies, and, more precisely, by family allowances, it tries to redistribute income, not so much between classes as between different sections of the working-class. Smokers and bachelors subsidise abstemious family men. Even so, many of the causes of inequality are so much a matter of chance that there is no simple way of ensuring that the right people receive the benefit of redistributive measures. A man may control his drinking, smoking or the size of his family, but he may have no choice about where he lives or the length and cost of his journey to work.

Here are two four-person families in St. Helens: in both, the father earns £400 a year. The first lives in a pre-war Council house, and enjoys a low subsidised rent. The father has not lost a day through sickness in two years; he neither drinks nor smokes; and he has an allotment on which he grows a good supply of vegetables. He cycles to work. The mother is a good manager; the house is neatly kept, and is largely furnished with Utility pieces; the family eats well and can afford two weeks holiday. The second household lives in furnished rooms, for which the rent is more than twice that of the first family's house. The father had a three-week illness last autumn, which ran away with what savings there were; he has to spend a shilling a day on fares; and he has neither garden nor allotment. The mother is not a good housekeeper—the place is untidy and far too much is spent on carried food, such as pies or fish-and-chips—and the children look pale and seedy. The mother told me that the family had taken no holiday for three years, and she complained that she could never make ends meet from one pay-day to the next. Her husband, she added, spent about twelve shillings on beer, cigarettes and Pools.

The contrast between these two families makes my point. It is not *absolutely* low wages today that cause hardship or even poverty; it is the fact that many families, for reasons often beyond their control, have such heavy obligations that their income is *relatively* low. This is not quite so serious in a period of full employment, when a working wife and children may bring two, three or four additional incomes into the house, so that the family income is adequate, even if the individual wages are not. But such additions are no use to the low wage-earner with a large and growing family. Its size means that he must have a bigger and probably more expensive house; the number of small children means that his wife cannot go out to work; and the age of the children means that the family is in the period of maximum outlay on food and clothes. Since his income falls below the tax-level, the only direct assistance he receives are food subsidies—which have been drastically reduced—and family allowances, which now cover less than half the bare cost of each additional child at the "Rowntree" subsistence-level.

The burden of the large family shows up in many ways. Take, first, expenditure on food. In a revealing table, the National Food Survey for 1950-51 (prices have risen sharply since than) showed that this was more sharply affected by the size of family than by income. A household of two adults in Class B (main earner received £8 to £13) spent an average of 27s. per head on food: in Class D (less than £4 10s. 0d.) the figure was 21s. per head. But in a five-person family, Class B spent 18s. per head, and Class D spent 12s. The falling average is shown even more strikingly in the following table, for Class C (less than £8 per week) which, at 1950-51 figures, probably accounts for more than half the working-class population.

	Amount per head per week
Adults only	24s.
With 1 Child	19s.
With 2 Children	16s.
With 3 Children	12s.

The even more detailed survey of actual consumption reveals that this diet was deficient in milk, meat, fruit, fresh vegetables, eggs and cereals. The lower cost per head is not, as might be supposed, accounted for by economy in catering for larger numbers. It is due simply to the fact that the more people there are in a family, the less each member eats. Those who dispute this need only examine the table on pages 106-7 of the Survey, from which I take these examples.

Average Consumption Per Head Per Week

	No Children	*1 Child*	*2 Children*	*3 Children*
Milk	5.6 pts.	3.8 pts.	2.7 pts.	2.1 pts.
Cheese	4.0 ozs.	2.8 ozs.	2.3 ozs.	2.9 ozs.
Meats	34.2 ozs.	29.0 ozs.	21.0 ozs.	17.0 ozs.
Fish	13.0 ozs.	7.4 ozs.	5.0 ozs.	3.2 ozs.
Vegs	40.2 ozs.	32.1 ozs.	25.9 ozs.	20.8 ozs.
Fruit	28.6 ozs.	27.6 ozs.	16.9 ozs.	16.4 ozs.

On this table I make three comments. The first is that, at the time to which it refers, the Labour Government's food subsidies were still in force. Secondly, that it is an average of all social classes, and that the spread between small and large families would be even greater if the figures were confined to the lower half of the working-class. Lastly, that it offers the strongest argument I know, not merely for family allowances in principle, but for a substantial increase in these allowances.

What is true of food is true, in a lesser degree, of clothing, pocket-money, sundries, entertainment, holidays and family amenities of all kinds. My own inquiries in St. Helens showed that there is a good deal of secondary poverty due to family size, even where the head of the family has an income that, in nominal terms, seems adequate. Where the income is low and the family is large as well, the present level of allowances is far from adequate to prevent real poverty. In one case, I found a general labourer with four children who earned £5 12s. 0d.; with three allowances his gross income was £6 16s. 0d. Luckily his rent was low—only 13s. 3d. But, after paying his National Insurance, he could spend only 6s. on coal and light, 4s. 6d. on household expenses, 4s. 6d. on hire-purchase, 7s. 6d. on clothing for the whole family, and another 7s. 6d. on all personal sundries—beer, tobacco, cinema, pools, sweets and so forth. The family had just over four pounds to spend on food—an average of 14s. per head. The home was poor, the children badly clothed; the family had not had a week's holiday for five years. In this case, the man would have received a shilling a week more if he had been on National Assistance instead of working.

This may seem an extreme case. But there was a bus conductor with three children who earned £6 8s. 0d. in the weeks when he was on early shift, giving him a gross income of £7 4s. 0d., of which he paid 23s. in rent; the family spent 16s. a week per head on food. I talked to several labourers, some bottle-packers, two shop-assistants and a lorry-driver. Each had at least two children. None of them had a basic wage of more than £6 5s. 0d. Each of their families, so far as I could judge, fell below the Rowntree poverty-line. I cannot give any estimate of the number of people in St. Helens who are in poverty because their wages are low and their families are large. But the examples I have given are both suggestive and disturbing. There are no local or national figures that relate income to household composition, and we have no means of knowing, for instance, how many of the six million people who receive a pre-tax income of less than £250 are the sole-wage-earners, how many are juveniles, working wives or old people adding a little to their pensions.

We do know, however, that average earnings in industry are between seven and nine pounds, and that wage-rates in public utility services are lower still. There must be a great many unskilled or semi-skilled workers who earn between six and seven pounds a week, and are the only bread-winner in their house. Such families, if they have two or more children, must all be perilously close to or below the poverty-line today. Certainly, if they have to pay a high rent, or the man has an expensive journey to work, or a period of illness or unemployment has upset a budget that is barely balanced, these families will be driven into poverty as, indeed, they have already been driven into under-nourishment. The same will be true if the wife is a poor manager, or if the family gives way to such minor luxuries as a few packets of cigarettes, three or four pints of beer or a shilling or so on a horse or the Pools. Not the least of the causes of poverty today—though this raises a whole range of problems beyond the scope of the present inquiry—is the maldistribution of income within the family—the failure of the husband to raise the housekeeping allowance to match rising prices. For that, one of the remedies is to increase what is universally regarded as "Mum's Money," the family allowance. This, the newest of our social benefits, may in the long run prove one of the most important of our defences against poverty.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.

Martyr Princip

FORTY years ago next Monday a young Bosnian student named Gavrilo Princip fired two shots from his revolver in the streets of Sarajevo. With the first he killed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and with his second the Archduchess Sophia. These were "the shots that rang round Europe." A great deal has been written about the alleged complicity of the Serbian Government, and about Austria's share of the "war guilt," so much indeed that people have tended to ignore the assassin himself and his motives. Yet these are important to anybody interested in Yugoslavia.

Many Englishmen were horrified to learn, after the First World War, that a plaque had been put up in Sarajevo to commemorate Princip's act. Churchill in *The World Crisis* describes it as a "monument erected by his [Princip's] countrymen" that "records his infamy and their own." Since the recent war, a Princip Museum has been founded, and foot-prints have been scooped out in the pavement to show the position of the assassin's feet when he fired the shots. This cannot be written off as mere "Balkan savagery". I have recently returned from an eight months' stay in Yugoslavia, three of which I spent in Sarajevo itself, and I talked to many extremely civilised people on the subject of the assassination. All of them claimed to disapprove of murder as a political weapon, but seemed to think that Princip was a worthy patriot who had given his life for national freedom. They often added how sorry they were that Princip should have killed the Archduchess with his second shot. But then Princip regretted this deeply himself, not only, it must be admitted, because she was an innocent woman, but also because he had therefore missed the Governor of Bosnia, who was the third person in the back of the car.

Princip and the five other young men who waited along the route of the Archduke's car with intent to murder were members of a group called "Young Bosnia". This was an organisation of students, the majority of whom were still at school. It worked for the expulsion of Austria from Bosnia and Herzegovina, as well as making propaganda for a Yugoslav federation. Its members seem to have given most of their time to propaganda. They also organised school strikes and were frequently expelled. It is hardly surprising, then, to learn that their letters are full of worries about the final examinations! Their second great problem was money. They were almost all of them the sons of peasants, and their parents usually had nothing to give them. They were obsessed by their own poverty and by that of the Bosnian people. They frequently complained of boredom, for they had not the money for books and amusement; while the continuing "Inquisition" of the Austrian regime forbade that freedom of discussion which their restless minds required. All their frustration was turned into hatred of Austria. Although the Austrian officials were more honest than the Turks, they governed largely by a policy of divide and rule. They built barracks, racecourses and brothels, but very few hospitals or schools. Worst of all, they allowed the Muslim landlords to retain their feudal privileges, on condition that they supported the regime.

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The six who waited for the Archduke along the road beside the Miljachka river were anything but common criminals. One of them, a Muslim, escaped capture, while the other five were imprisoned, since the Austrian law did not allow the death penalty for people under twenty-one. Three of these, including Princip, died from disease and ill-treatment before the end of the war. Two survived and became very worthy citizens of the Yugoslav state they had dreamed of creating. Vaso Cubrilovic became a Cabinet Minister and helped to overthrow Prince Paul when he sold out to the Germans in 1941. He is now a Professor at Belgrade University. Popovic, the other survivor, is curator of the famous Ethnographic Department at the Sarajevo Museum. One could not imagine two men who less resemble the popular conception of a Balkan assassin. They are mild, bespectacled and courteous, with a profound dislike of any discussion about the part they played on that day forty years ago.

Of the three who died in prison, Cabrinovic and Princip are the most interesting. The former was a boastful, restive youth, attracted by Russian anarchist theories. Alone of the six, he seemed excited by the idea of violence. He had something of that mixture of idealism, self-hatred and despair which is found in Dostoevsky's *Possessed*. He had quarrelled violently with his father, who is said to have been a police spy. Although Princip had always distrusted his resolution, when the time came to prove himself Cabrinovic threw his bomb—and missed. Princip was the most intelligent of the six. His letters show that he fully understood the essential problem of the Yugoslav movement, which is friendship and co-operation between Serbs, Croats and Muslims. He was avowedly a Socialist, but in no sense a fanatic or Utopian. He passionately admired Tolstoy and for some time, ironically, was opposed to all forms of bloodshed. Four years of suffering and solitude never made him regret the frightful thing he had done and, according to the prison doctor, he faced death without bitterness or fear.

The "Young Bosnia" movement and the murder which made it famous are not merely of historical interest. The Hapsburg Empire collapsed in 1918, but Bosnia-Herzegovina did not long remain free from foreign intervention. From 1941-5 it was the centre of an atrocious civil war between Croat Fascists and Serbian Nationalists, and of both against the Federalist Partisans. The Croat Ustashi bands were trained in Italy and Hungary, while Ante Pavelic, the Croat puppet dictator, was encouraged to perform his outrages by his Axis masters. His admitted policy of driving the Serbs from Bosnia by expulsion and murder was simply the Hapsburg idea of "divide and rule" carried to its ruthless extreme. The Serbian Chetniks, who had begun as Yugoslav patriots and the defenders of the Bosnian Serbs against the Ustashi, were driven in time to a chauvinism that almost rivalled that of Pavelic..

For a hundred years the Bosnians have struggled against foreign occupations. Half a million Bosnians and Herzegovinians are said to have perished in the last war alone. Until they are left alone for long enough to learn the ways of peace, they will continue to admire Gavrilo Princip, who seems to symbolise the violence of their struggle for independence. Princip committed a terrible crime, but he was inspired to do it by his belief in Yugoslav freedom, and in equal rights for all the nationalities within the Yugoslav state. These two principles, much more than any theories about social revolution, are the reason for Tito's rise to power. It is no coincidence that most of his battles were fought in Bosnia, that most of his troops were Bosnians and that one of the most heroic of these was also called Princip.

RICHARD WEST

Thoughts in the Wilderness

THE NEWEST NOVELS

WHENEVER a novel by a young writer is given much praise, I buy it and read it. Thus I know the sort of fiction that is being written by the young and presumably is admired by them. If I do not mention names, that is not because I am bluffing, but because I am not one of the fiction critics of this paper and anyhow do not wish to get bogged down in literary criticism. But the names are in my mind, the books themselves either in this or the next room. And let me add here that I have never met any of the writers. I wish I had, though for the purpose of writing this piece I am better off without their acquaintance: I can concentrate on their work.

These novels have much in common. The New English Novel is now emerging. I am certain that the writers do not belong to a Group, with common aims, a manifesto, mutual criticism, as they almost surely would do if they were foreign novelists of the same age. And it is significant that they should be producing quite independently more or less the same sort of novel. It proves that the *Zeitgeist* is at work. Gifted and ambitious young fellow citizens of ours are apparently looking at life and presenting their vision of it in the same fashion. What they see, feel and think seems to me very important. We are always being told what politicians, economists, trade union leaders, industrialists, sociologists and psychologists, are thinking, and are perhaps a little weary of their questions, their protests, their conclusions. Let us try, if only for a change, some young people of literary talent. Why wait until they are eighty?

Without venturing into literary criticism, I will first admit that these novels have in my eyes two major weaknesses. The world they present does not seem to me quite real. I am never quite convinced that what they tell me is happening really is happening. It is rather like being in a dream and reminding oneself it *is* a dream. These pubs, these schools and colleges, these offices, these film studios, do not seem quite solidly set in the world I know. They are rather like stage scenery out of drawing and queerly coloured. But of course this proves nothing, except that I am in my sixtieth year and these writers are in their twenties and early thirties, that I am wedded to one convention and they are busy creating another. My second objection is that as a rule their central characters are too deliberately unheroic, and often seem such bumbling nitwits that it is hard to sympathise with them in their

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misfortunes. I do not ask for Double Firsts and Triple Blues who look like Gregory Peck, but some of these melancholy caddish clowns and oafs do seem to need a nurse or a probation officer rather than a chronicler and a reader. However, this again may be a change in convention: I think we may assume that these clever young people know what they are doing.

And what are they doing? They are saying in effect: "You go on making your arrangements or arguing about them. But count us out. We're not with you." I do not mean that there is a kind of militant anarchy in this fiction; I wish there were. But this is something different, not to be easily included in the categories of my generation. These novels do not openly denounce and protest against the elaborate organisation and machinery of our society. They simply ignore them. It is almost as if a South Seas Islander were trying to live amongst us. The chief characters are like poachers on the vast game preserve of responsible citizenship. They are artful dodgers rather than open rebels, the type we older novelists have often presented. The wearisome obligations, about which we argue, seem to them like so many holes or blocks in the road, so much bad weather. Any public life of which we may catch a glimpse in these novels seems both remote and idiotic. This is essentially the fiction not only of private life but of a deeply introverted private life, to be hugged to oneself between back bedroom and bar parlour.

The only ambition of its central characters is to get by until a week on Tuesday. In a world of planners, they plan nothing. They would no more try for any sort of career than try for the Centre Court at Wimbledon. They stroll in and out of jobs, so many highbrow casual labourers. They do not seem to care what they do so long as it offers no future and they have not to take it seriously. They are gipsies in old pullovers and dirty raincoats. They care nothing about money. If they have some, they spend it on seedy binges or some odd extravagance; and if they have none, they go without, borrow from unlikely acquaintances, or take the first odd job that is going. They never seem to own anything except a battered little suitcase and a few gramophone records. They can hardly be said to live anywhere, though sometimes they occupy other people's flats and drink their liquor. They do not commit crimes but they appear to live at the same distance from ordinary citizenship as the habitual criminal does. They are equally far removed from the worlds of the *Daily Telegraph, Daily Express, Daily Herald* or *Daily Worker.* They have some loves, a few odd friends, but no social group to which they belong. They are perhaps the most isolated and loneliest characters in all fiction. Their London is filled with packed buses and steaming taprooms and yet is a desert island on which they have been mysteriously wrecked.

It is impossible to imagine any of the major characters in these novels buying a house, bringing up children, paying taxes, organising a business, serving on a committee, standing for Parliament. They are simply not with us. They no more live in our political and economic world than children of six do. They are capable, of course, of arguing about our problems, and occasionally do after the fifth pint or whisky, but they do not share these problems, they exist quite outside them. It is as if already they were on the other side of the monstrous bombs threatening us. Nearly thirty years ago an odd novel by Romer Wilson attracted much attention: it was called *The Death of Society.* Now this latest fiction makes us feel that it is already happening. I suspect that most of these young writers have been much influenced by the French Existentialists, who chiefly arrived at their philosophy—or at least attitude of mind—during the Nazi Occupation, which in fact much helped to shape and colour it. And we might say that behind these novels there is a sort of Occupation Philosophy. But who in this case are the menacing forces against which there must be a secret Resistance Movement? The answer, I am afraid, is that we are—you and I, reader. Yes, they are against us.

They are not against us—and of course by "us" I really mean the society we have created—in open rebellion, deciding to be Anarchists instead of Tories, Liberals or Socialists. This in many ways would be less serious than what is actually happening, for they would still be playing our game, if for another side. But they are in fact refusing to play our game at all. They are quietly contracting out of our society altogether, not of course as persons but in the capacity as imaginative writers. They have deliberately made the world of their fiction the world that escapes the newspaper columns, the debates, the *Any Questions.* How do we go on—they are asking in effect—outside it all? What is it like not to be a responsible citizen, a thoughtful member of the electorate, a pillar of society? I do not say there is not a literary device here, a desire to avoid what is stale and wearisome, a flight to fresh fields. And there will be those, many of them with much influence, who will tell us that there is nothing here but literary devices, merely the tricks and shifts of entertainers who share with sodium amytal the task of helping serious responsible persons to sleep. I say this because not since the Wars of the Roses has literature been held in such low esteem. Any television mountebank is now more important than any poet, novelist, dramatist. But if our society is diminishing and pooh-poohing the writer, here, I repeat, are some new writers who are rejecting our society. And this is something more than an entertainer's trick, to give the show a new twist. It comes whitehot from the imagination. It is indeed what is most personal, most deeply sincere, in this fiction. At its very centre is the cry *Count us out!*

Now, as I began by declaring, these are the younger novelists who have been given most praise, who are attracting most attention. Which means among other things, that theirs is a point of view that many other people, particularly round about their own age, find acceptable. Clearly they are not merely expressing their own thoughts and feelings. The eager response is here too. Compared with the vast ballyhoo of mass communications, all this may seem on a very small scale indeed, a tiny flurry in the review columns and the bookshops. But it is folly to imagine that the influence of the articulate, the literate, those who try to think and feel for themselves, can be estimated by counting their heads. Who are writing, praising, reading, these novels? The very people who in one form or another can influence a great many others. Take note, therefore, of what may be found in these new novels. This is what is being freshly and urgently thought and felt. This is how the imaginative young are looking at us and our society. Call their work merely so many straws in the air, if you like; but notice which way the wind is blowing.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

A Friend in Fez

OUTSIDE the Medina of Fez, the New Town is clean, white and as soulless as a paper rose, spiritually cut off both from France and Morocco. It is haunted by trash-selling pedlars who count on the fact that visits to the old city by foreigners or, for that matter, French residents, are now considered the eccentric action of a *dégeneré.* Isn't the New Town sufficient, with its cinemas showing Peter Pan, Rita Hayworth and Abbot and Costello, its Empire Casino housing a shop-worn edition of the Concert Mayol (*Charmes! Plumes! Nues!*), and its neon-lit cafés in which you may read any of the three unhappy Moroccan newspapers, with their carefully selected excerpts from the world's news and insignificant snippets of parish-pump doings in Morocco? Yet, in Fez Djedid, the "new" part of the old city which was constructed in the 13th Century, you can find, after a taxi drive which leads to a huge toast-coloured archway, the Hotel Caid, built round a small patio. There, conscious of French frowns at my eccentricity, I am staying.

The view from my window is breathless in its beauty—an ancient brown river below ochre battlements, naked willows enticing the sun, a smudge of peach blossom. But the glass is broken, the window-ledge littered with refuse, heaps of decayed mint, a broken chamber-pot, cauliflower stalks and a tattered picture of the Prophet on a horse. Downstairs, one dines reclined on a tired couch among piles of *djellabas* (issued to down-and-outs), below an upside-down advertisement for Coca-Cola. No knives or forks are provided, and my companion and I bury our fingers in juicy stew, washed down with mint tea. After eating, one can stroll through gardens to one of the city gates. On one side there are derelict cafés, motor buses, touts and shoe-shine boys: on the other side, the early world—an island remote in time. There the

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eye travels slowly from treasure to treasure, the ear takes time to fathom the cry of the water-seller, and the reedy, drugged chant of the blind beggars. Tiny shops glitter with trinkets; a cavalcade of white horses sweeps the cobbled street; out of the preposterous needle of an alley is threaded a tiny donkey carrying an enormous radiogram.

During one of my random expeditions in the Medina when I was trying to extricate myself from a maze of alleys—each alike a market for embroidered slippers, nuts and bolts, Berber hair bands and copper trays—I slipped on a greasy cobble and clutched at a fat dark man wearing a fez. We both fell, picked ourselves up, shook hands and laughed. “ My name,” said my new fat acquaintance, “ is Hadj Sinaji. I have a small carpet business near Babs F'touk. You, Sir, are doubtless English. So I feel doubly honoured, for I am a British Protected Subject. Of Algerian origin. I wish to invite you to my humble house to drink tea. Strictly to buy carpets, of course.” His left eye gave me a meaningful wink.

After ten minutes' walk we plunged into a dark alley and arrived at Hadj's house. “ We have been followed,” he said, taking some keys out of his pocket. “ I might have guessed it: the *moqqadem* must have spotted us, though, as a matter of fact, I thought that policeman was dead. They shot at him, but he seems to have recovered. I must talk carpets. Pretend that you understand Arabic.” I looked around and observed a man in a white *haik*, standing ten yards away. He wore a leather belt and carried a rifle slung over his shoulder. Hadj spoke loudly in Arabic, and I nodded as if in agreement. Then he opened the door, led me across a small patio, and ushered me into a large room hung with carpets. “ There's no place like home,” he said in English, and shuffled off his slippers.

“ This seems odd,” I said. “ You are a British Protected Subject and yet you are chased by a *moqqadem*. Surely you should be immune from that sort of thing.” Hadj laughed. “ Being a British Protected Subject is splendid,” he said, “ but it carries no privileges. There are quite a few of us here, as a matter of fact.”

“ But isn't there a British Consul ? ” I asked.

“ Certainly there is,” said Hadj; “ the air is good for English bronchial cases. But it is not possible to see the Consul. Or not wise to try. Informers make trouble, and British Protected Subjects get beaten up. You see? One has to be careful. Indeed it is quite dangerous to have you here in my house—as a friend, that is. I am afraid you will have to purchase a small mát. You must carry it ostentatiously up the lane.”

From Hadj I learned that social life in Fez is at a standstill. “ Even among ourselves there is no trust. I myself dare speak to nobody since I am a British Protected Subject and therefore under surveillance. I feel very lonely. I can't even speak to the French or try to sell carpets to any of the caids, because the boys would think I had turned informer. For the same reason I don't go to the mosque on Friday. That's bomb day. They got one Imam already.” That night we went for a walk through the alleyways behind the Karouine mosque. Suddenly, without warning, all the lights in the town went out. It was suffocatingly black. A conspiracy of footsteps tapped around unseen corners. “ What on earth's happened ? ” I asked Hadj. “ Broadcast from Cairo ” he said ; “ the Arab League. The French always cut the current.” With the help of matches we tapped our zig-zag way back to my hotel.

Next day I thought I would visit the Consul. The consulate is a charming tiled mansion, utterly isolated from anything in the least awkward. After a few preliminaries with the secretary, who obviously wished to learn whether I was Protected, pro-French, a wealthy tourist or an itinerant anarchist, I was shown into the Consul's study. He offered me a cigarette. “ It's good to see somebody,” he said, simply. But the conversation was far from easy. My questions were fended off in the direction of architecture and climatic conditions. There were many awkward silences. “ It's much warmer if you go further south,” he said when we parted, “ and the mountains are much higher.”

That afternoon I paid another visit to Hadj. He was good enough to invite me to meet his father, and we walked to a house near the Nejjarine. “ Don't discuss things with him,” warned Hadj. “ Except very vague things A good subject is Alexander the Great. Do you know anything about Alexander? ” After tea with Hadj's father, we passed by the mosque of Moulay Idris, whose interior is like a recurrent dream, furnished with silent grandfather clocks and kneeling figures. Moulay Idris II was the founder of Fez, and the clocks were put there by a Sultan during a phase of mechanical toy collection. (Morocco is littered with his pianolas and musical water-closets.) “ Just here,” said Hadj, as we walked up a narrow street, lined by perfumed candle shops, “ is the Sanctuary. Nobody can be arrested here—not even ' politicals.' They say a British Protected Person has been living here for fifteen years.”

Suddenly, while we were strolling through the shoe market, a man put his hand on Hadj's arm and whispered in his ear. Hadj drew me into a quiet corner. “ We cannot meet again,” he said in a low voice. “ Somebody has seen you going to the British consulate, and I shall be implicated. Goodbye.” I returned alone to my hotel and ate my supper under the Coca-Cola advertisement. It was still upside down.

Feb, 1954. ANTHONY CARSON

The ERCOLion woos the ladies

“ O women in your hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please,” *whispered the ERCOLion, blushing shyly at his burst into verse,* “ you needn't be chairy at entrusting your hours of ease to my latest fire-side chair. It will accommodate hours of knitting or sitting, reading or writing, without the slightest discomfort. In fact, the harder you are to please, the softer you will find the foam-rubber cushion and the perfectly shaped back. The natural light waxed finish, the quiet charm and handsome shape give it an introduction to the finest homes, and good furniture shops will be happy to introduce it to you.”

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Odd Man In

ON Thursday, 10 June, 1954, the day after the Government motion on Indo-China was rejected by the Assembly, a black Citroen drew up outside the Hotel Matignon and deposited M. Pierre Mendès-France. Inside the Premier's residence, M. Laniel was awaiting him. The visit, made at Laniel's express request, was symbolic: it marked the first official recognition of Mendès-France's status as Leader of the Opposition—a position that had never existed under the Fourth Republic. That Mendès-France, who has never led his own party and whose personal adherents have never numbered more than a score, was able to claim it unchallenged is some measure of his ability to influence men by eloquence, by personal integrity and by sheer intellectual power.

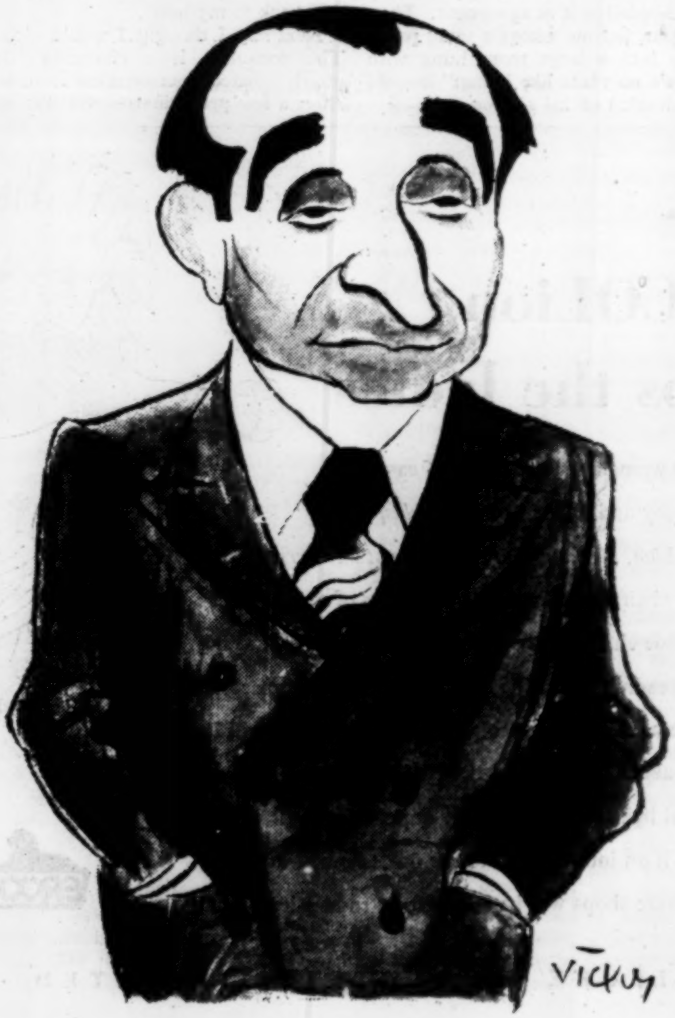
It is not, however, the whole measure. Mendès-France has risen to the highest office in French politics despite many handicaps. He is, to begin with, a Jew, living in a country where "Dreyfus" is still a fighting word. But most of the handicaps are of his own choosing. For Mendès-France, though a thoroughly political animal, does not belong to the French species. His career bears tragic witness to his obstinate refusal to play the political game according to the rules of the Palais Bourbon. Despite his youth (he is only 47), he has been in politics longer than most of his fellow Deputies. At 19, when he was a member of a student group of Left-wing Radicals and Socialists, his nose was broken in a fight with the militant fascists of the *Action Francaise.* Six years later, in 1932, he became France's youngest Deputy. When only 30, he held office, as Under-Secretary to the Treasury, for a few brief months under Léon Blum. His wartime record, though not spectacular, was distinguished. Imprisoned in 1941, he escaped to London and took part in many operations with the Free French Air Force before accepting, reluctantly, De Gaulle's offer to become Minister of Finance in the Provisional Government at Algiers. When the war ended, his political experience and administrative record were at least equal to those of Pleven, Bidault and the other new stars on the French parliamentary horizon.

That it was they, and not Mendès-France, who dominated the Governments of post-war France can be explained by a meeting held in Paris one afternoon in January, 1945. Present were De Gaulle, Pleven—then Minister of Finance—and Mendès-France, who had recently been promoted to Minister of National Economy. The subject up for discussion was France's chaotic currency, already poised for a gigantic inflationary leap. Mendès-France proposed to stabilise the franc by the immediate withdrawal of the entire note issue, to mop up the inflationary surplus by freezing all bank deposits above a certain sum, and to destroy the black-market by revolutionary reforms in the distribution system. It was a plan of deliberate austerity, which had been successfully employed by Camille Gutt in Belgium, and which had already inspired a pilot project launched by Mendès-France in Corsica. But it was opposed by the unanimous "experts" of the Banque de France, by a majority of the Cabinet, and by Pleven himself. After five years of Occupation, Pleven argued, the people of France could not be expected to face a period of intensified austerity. Besides, the peasants would never accept it. What was wanted, he said, echoing the financial battle-cry of the Third Republic, was simply confidence. "You see, my dear Mendès," said De Gaulle, "the Minister of Finance and all the experts are against you." "I remember," said Mendès-France sadly, "when all the military experts were against a certain Colonel de Gaulle." The meeting ended without a decision. De Gaulle had great respect for Mendès-France, but he was bored and baffled by economic problems; he was anxious not to appear dictatorial; and he saw no reason why he should impose Mendès-France's plan against the wishes of a majority of his Cabinet. So, for three more months, Mendès-France watched France drift slowly into the inflationary maelstrom. Then abruptly, in April, 1945, he resigned.

Until last week, he had never again held office. On several occasions he had refused to enter Governments in whose financial and economic policies he had no confidence. Regularly, he had ascended the tribune of the Assembly and denounced, with dispassionate logic, the progressive whittling down of the investment plan, the periodic "offensives against prices," the opportunist concessions to the business and agricultural lobbies—the entire armoury of time-worn expedients which have dissipated France's immense natural resources. His criticism was never sterile. Time and time again he contributed positive solutions to specific problems, and he accepted heavy responsibilities, first, as President of the National Accounting Board and, more recently, as chairman of the Assembly Finance Committee. Nevertheless, it was not his work in this field—although it is receiving increasing recognition—which finally brought him to power. For seven long years he had attacked the conduct of the Indo-China war, singling it out as the most outstanding and the most disastrous consequence of the "government by abdication" which to him symbolises the Fourth Republic. "To govern is to choose," he is fond of saying, and in Indo-China the choice between waging war and waging peace has never been made. In the last three years, his philippics, whose prophecies have been amply and tragically confirmed by events, began to take their toll on the Right-Centre majority and it was the final disaster of Dien Bien Phu, more than anything else, which finally swept him into office. It must be a source of wry satisfaction to Mendès-France that he, the scholarly economist, was chosen because he proved the Generals wrong.

But Indo-China, though it must take priority in Mendès-France's programme, does not lie at the heart of his preoccupations. He is accused of being anxious to abandon the *politique de grandeur* which M. Bidault has pursued so assiduously, and so unsuccessfully, at the conference tables of the world. In fact, the reverse is true. At the centre of his thinking lies a passionate belief in the future of France and the French Union, but a belief qualified by the knowledge that Bidault's conception of France as a World Power can only be converted into reality by the systematic and efficient development of her resources. France, he maintains, is a rich country: rich enough to pay her way without dollar aid, to raise progressively her own standard of living and still produce enough to make a significant contribution to the development of the world's backward areas.

To achieve this, he says, is not an impossible task—indeed, it cannot compare to the one faced



by Britain after the war—but it means that a large number of steps must be taken immediately, and taken simultaneously. He proposes, therefore, a programme of Crippsian austerity, drastic reforms of the fiscal and distributive systems and, above all, a sharp rise in the level of investment. In order to put through this programme, he is prepared to break all the rules in office, just as he broke them in Opposition. Last week he astounded the Assembly by calmly announcing that he would give Ministries even to those who voted against him, provided they were suitable—a promise he has since kept. He has chosen his Ministers on the basis of talent and integrity, but with a special accent on youth, believing, as he does that one of the most alarming characteristics of the Fourth Republic is the widening gap between the youth of France and its political leaders. To his own task he brings an austere mode of life—again recalling Sir Stafford Cripps—together with a gift of fierce oratory and romantic vision which is peculiarly French. His Government is admittedly a political oddity, brought into office by a miracle. Only a succession of miracles can keep it there; but Mendès-France is the sort of person who believes that miracles are the product of correct thinking and hard work. He is working with a cold, fierce precision, living on sandwiches and three hours' sleep a night. Better than anyone else in France, he realises that there is not a moment to lose.

The Arts and Entertainment

ALDEBURGH

THE programme at Aldeburgh this year has ranged from the sublime (the *St. John Passions* of Schütz and Bach) right down to the *musique concrète* of contemporary France, with such intermediate joys as a Crabbe bicentenary pilgrimage, a Janacek centenary celebration, madrigals on the Meare, and a brass band concert beside the Moot Hall which marked another and more neglected centenary—that of Sousa. Opera was represented by a revival of *The Rape of Lucretia* and by a double bill of comedy: *Love in a Village*, prettily refurbished by Arthur Oldham, and a new one-act piece by Lennox Berkeley, *A Dinner Engagement*.

Ever since reading Paul Dehn's amusing and touching masque for the 400th anniversary celebrations at Shrewsbury School (it is to be found in the volume called *Romantic Landscape*), I have thought that he might possess the rare gift of the librettist; and the text of *A Dinner Engagement* is as lively and well turned and musically stimulating as a composer could wish. So one of the ingredients of the dish was all right. As for the other—Lennox Berkeley's delicate touch in the lighter forms of instrumental music, his humour and vivacity, promised well. But an opera composer needs much more than a gift for spontaneous and charming music-spinning. He needs a strong sense of what will tell in the theatre; what words must (and will) be heard, and what can at a pinch go unheard; what vocal combinations will be effective; at what points to place his comic climaxes, and so on. In all this I felt that *A Dinner Engagement*, for all its incidental felicities, sounded the note of inexperience.

The action is simple. An impoverished ex-diplomat and his wife make desperate efforts to entertain in appropriate style a Grand Duchess at whose court he had once been ambassador, while their daughter and the Crown Prince fall in love over the cookery book. In the airily romantic episodes between the young couple, and in the scene where their elders go out to inspect the tiny Chelsea garden, Lennox Berkeley is at his happiest. Elsewhere, he has scored some successes, for instance at the erroneous entrance of the lady-help who is confused because "the back-door's so large and the front-door's so small"; but there is a certain want of verve, decision, sharp edges of the vivid, clinching gesture which is everything in comic opera. The old problem of verbal inaudibility comes up, rendered more acute by the small wind-dominated orchestra of the English Opera Group. Almost anything played by a wind instrument becomes a line of counterpoint; and counterpoint, as Strauss remarks in his preface to *Capriccio*, is the deadly enemy of audibility; it is far easier to support the vocal line on the soft cushion of the strings. Then Berkeley, who has so happy a touch with instruments, has not wholly mastered the art of writing for concerted voices. In comic ensembles, when voices are not singing in octavo or unison, they need to be strongly differentiated in speed and outline, or the parts will smudge one another to the loss of individual character and audibility: this sometimes happens in *A Dinner Engagement*. Lastly there is the question of pace and climax. Inexperience shows at such a moment as the Grand Duchess's entry, where a practised opera composer would surely have felt the need for a slow and stately tempo to make a comic contrast with the preceding fuss and flurry.

I look forward to hearing the little work again, because it is full of prettiness and ingenuity. The author and composer, both of whom evidently know all about cooking, need not feel unduly depressed if their first soufflé is not a complete success. Most of the composers who have succeeded in opera, especially in comic opera, have been bred to the job from their teens; Lennox Berkeley, like his Grand Duchess, has "never seen a kitchen before"; he has to learn his way round the confusing pots and pans. Vilem Tausky conducted what seemed to be a first-class performance from a cast dominated, alike in inches and talent, by the superb Grand Duchess of Flora Nielsen. On the little stage of the Jubilee Hall she seemed, like Alice, a mile high.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A SECOND VISIT

ON the eve of a holiday, I decided to leave in my mouth the pleasantest taste possible from the theatre in London at the moment, and treated myself to a second visit to *The Cherry Orchard* at the Lyric, Hammersmith. When I wrote of this production a few weeks ago, I stressed its shortcomings rather than its achievements out of a sense of disappointment, I suppose, that it didn't come up to the high hopes that its casting promised. But perhaps in doing this I gave the impression that it is less worth seeing than it is, and I should very much like to correct that. The production works now much more smoothly than it did, and though there are still imperfections they are not such as to obscure one's pleasure in this most delightful and charming of plays; and there are several performances to which I did less than justice.

Mr. Trevor Howard, for instance, seemed to me to come through with flying colours as Lopahin. His two big moments are really fine; the first where he has to tell Madame Ranevsky at the end of the dance that the orchard has been sold and that it is he who has bought it. This demands a difficult double face, it will be remembered. On the one hand there is the exaltation over the fact that he who in childhood was a serf on this estate now actually owns it. He, Lopahin, the son of a serf, now the owner of the Cherry Orchard! Fighting a losing battle with this irrepressible delight (for Lopahin, you see, is not just a vulgar money maker, but a sensitive man with the fine hands, as Trofimoff tells him, of an artist) is a kind of shame that he the son of a peasant should be ousting the great, the wonderful Madame Ranevsky. This ambival-

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ence Mr. Howard caught superbly, just as he beautifully caught in the last act the incoherent impossibility of proposing to Varya. These are the high moments, and it was only to be expected that such an actor would take those chances. But how much of the part—like so much of so many of the Chekhov parts—consists in simply listening, listening expressively but not obtrusively. Lopahin's comments on the family and its attitude is a very important social note, his mixture of aquiescence (" there they are and what else can one expect such people to be?") and protest (" Why, Oh why, don't they just make the effort to stretch out their hands and take the chance I offer them, though I'm only a peasant I know better than them "). With what admirable subtlety, by his grunts and shoulder shrugs and restless movements, did Mr. Howard convey all this.

I mentioned last time the admirable Gayeff of Mr. Esmé Percy (though he is beginning to drop his voice rather badly) and Miss Pauline Jameson's quite perfect Varya. But equally admirable this time I found Mr. David Markham's " perpetual student." This comes up to a really fine climax in his last scene—the brief moment of intimacy that flowers between him and Lopahin after he has told the merchant to stop flapping his hands, a moment broken by Lopahin's tactlessness in offering the student money; Mr. Markham's shabby hurt pride was exactly right. In Mr. George Howe as the rumbustious land owner, Miss Patience Collier as the German governess and Mr. Robert Eddison as " Twenty Two Misfortunes," there are three richly contrasted comedy performances, Mr. Howe extravagantly loose and overflowing, Miss Collier extravagantly tight and monomaniac and Mr. Eddison absurdly shambling and naive. There are those who hold that the whole play should be acted in something much nearer this style, and that Madame Ranevsky, for instance, is just as much a figure of fun as " Twenty Two Misfortunes " and that we should be made to laugh at her in just the same way. All English productions, this argument runs, play too hard for pathos and charm and atmosphere. Personally I think this view misguided. Chekhov certainly insisted that his play was a comedy, but that was in answer to Stanislavsky's claim that it was a tragedy. But there are after all many gradations of comedy. Certainly Madame Ranevsky is ludicrous but hers is the kind of ludicrousness which invites our compassionate pity rather than our contemptuous laughter; and though I should still liked to have seen Miss Ffrangcon-Davies (to whom I must apologise for misspelling her name previously) bring up the character really very considerably, still the line she takes seems to me just the right one. So, too, it seems to me absurd to deny that the play distils a heady essence of nostalgic charm, and that it is the producer's business to catch this for us. This Sir John Gielgud's direction admirably does. Its best moments are superb, and such moments serve to remind us of the sublimities of experience which the theatre is capable of giving us.

T. C. Worsley

ROUND THE GALLERIES

Ivon Hitchens is showing some new paintings—mostly landscapes but also a few interiors—at the Leicester Galleries. Hitchens is concerned exclusively with colour as it is affected by space and atmosphere. As a substitute for drawing he has worked out a calligraphy of brush strokes which is appropriate to his purpose because its appearance of fluid movement, its occasional decisive contrasts, its splash and transparency echo similar characteristics in his subject matter of ponds, leaves, forest shadows, dappled pathways and so on. His pictures, for all their apparent spontaneity, are really very patiently considered: a fact proved by the precision of their mood. Although all the present canvases are the same long shape, and although many of them are based on the same composition of two receding vistas (as though one were standing near the apex of a triangle looking down its two sides), each one of them is distinct and separate. The disadvantage of Hitchens's concentration on movement and colour, and of his lack of definition, is that his less intensely felt pictures are like stage scenery, whilst even those that derive from sustained observation lack all sense of weight and gravity—the reason why a Hitchens landscape always looks rather like an underwater one. The advantage of his method is that in his best pictures, such as *The Road to Petworth*, he is able to communicate the very English experience of marvelling at the landscape of an instant—after a few seconds the light changes and everything is different. Seen in perspective, however, Hitchens is another example of how impossible it is today for the landscape painter to possess a comprehensive view of Nature.

At the Redfern Alan Reynolds " subsumes the serenity of rootedness and the restlessness of growth in images of premonitory calm." As for his pictures themselves, " Like all decent poetic endeavours, these landscapes are visions of sudden glory that make the Expulsion seem a little hasty." But when one has cut the cackle—in this case Robert Melville's, in the Foreword to the catalogue—one is left with the sincere work of a young talented painter. Reynolds has not developed much since his last phenomenonally successful exhibition and his large pictures have become thinner in content and somewhat repetitive. But his sketches, small watercolour landscapes and plant drawings still show that he can observe and draw so as to express naturally his own particular botanical imagination.

Downstairs at the Redfern there is the first show of Jack Taylor's paintings. Taylor is a young gifted London " Primitive ": at least as gifted as, say, Vivin. Unlike some " Primitives " his work includes moral comment. He has painted, for instance, a vivid Crucifixion in which the crowds mill around the Cross oblivious to what is happening. In other pictures, like *The Great March*, he celebrates celebration as unself-consciously as those who wave flags. But the directness and unself-consciousness of Taylor's work bypasses criticism : one simply hopes that his success will make him happy and his life easier. He certainly gives sufficient pleasure to deserve that.

Francis Bacon's new series of paintings at the Hanover are even emptier in design and shallower in content than his last. The huge black or navy blue canvases with their thin light vertical lines denoting the edges of the glass case, in which his familiar victim in a lounge suit sits, are as boring as the rolls of pin-stripe material in a chain-store tailors. Even the bogus horror of a man pulling faces at himself has worn off. Also at the same gallery William Scott is exhibiting some drawings in which he humourlessly plays at turning nude women into maternal-looking coke boilers.

At the Beaux Arts Jack Smith is showing some drawings and 25 paintings—many of them very large. This is his second exhibition and I now think it possible that Smith is a genius. Yet I foresee that statement being misunderstood. I do not admire Smith's work as much as I do simply because it is grim, monochromatic and utterly uncompromising in the way it turns its back on everything that is *chic*; nor because its subject-matter of grubby babies and the household objects of working-class kitchens is an indirect comment on poverty. On the contrary, the weakness of some of Smith's work—an understandable weakness considering his age—is its tendency to an over-brutal austerity that is really only the obverse side of sentimentality. The faith I have in Jack Smith's work is due to its certainty, which is the result of a passion reminiscent of Van Gogh's during his *Potato Eaters* period: to the consistency and gathering speed of Smith's development—these pictures derive from exactly the same sort of experiences as those he exhibited fourteen months ago but are many times more profound and therefore as many times more disciplined and competent: to the remarkable strength of his draughtsmanship and to the fact that even in his weakest paintings he knows exactly what he wants to do and makes every single brush stroke contribute to his purpose. His style—and this is very rare in a young painter—is something as unconsidered as the sound of one's own voice. How he paints is entirely the result of what he has seen and felt. He paints the wicker of a chair with the jabby sharpness that anyone who has tried to mend a wicker chair will recognise: he paints washing with the limpness it acquires when scrubbed on a draining-board; he paints a boy's fingers as he tries to write with the awkwardness the boy thinks he will never overcome; he paints a child being bathed by its mother with exactly *her* attitude of inquisitiveness which nevertheless lacks all curiosity. And at the same time in each picture he achieves a unity—the unity, say, of a room that is lived in.

Is it too much to ask the museums—including the Tate—to think for themselves about this exhibition? Smith has not been written up. But there are five canvases here, *Mother Bathing Child* (No. 5), *Child Writing* (No. 8), *Child Walking* (No. 11), the same title No. 12, and *Child and Dog* (No. 16), which would credit any contemporary gallery anywhere, and which, if unsold, will disgrace us all.

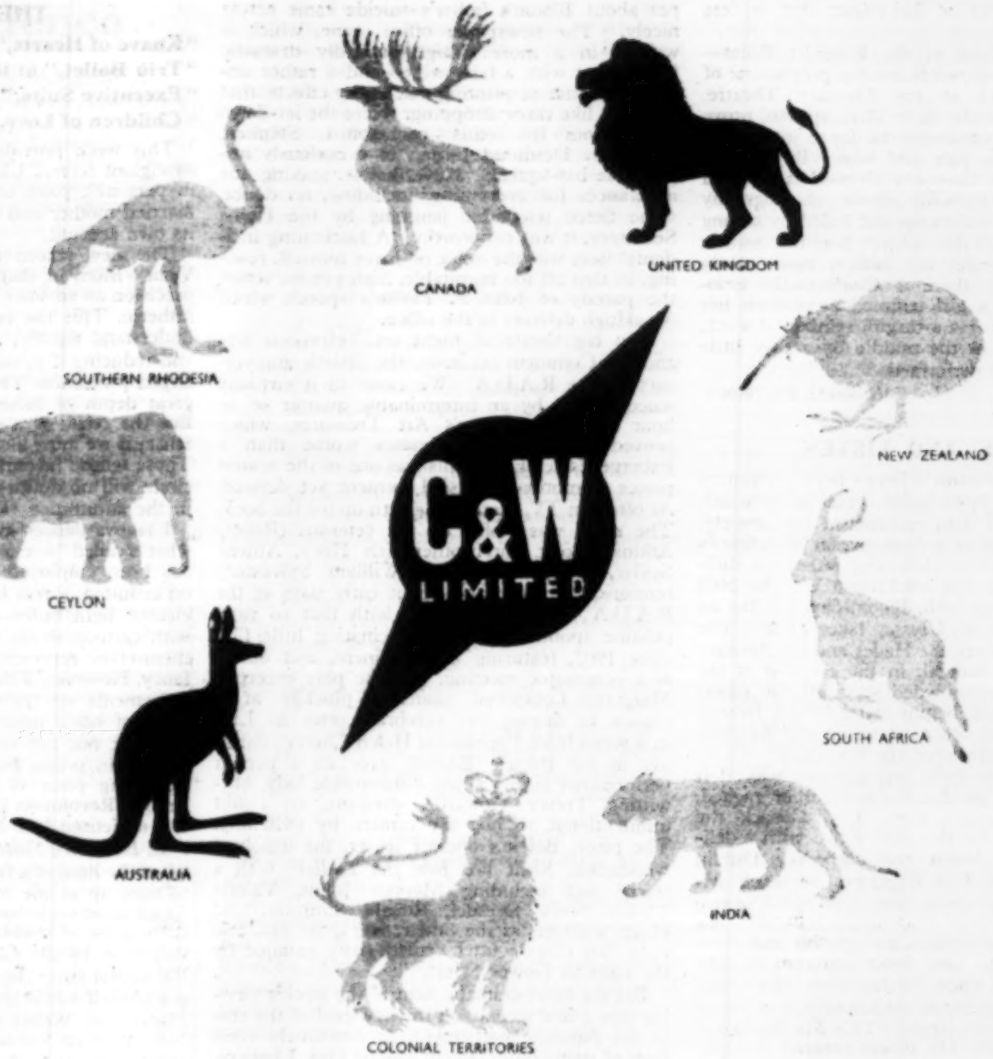
John Berger

THE BALLET RAMBERT

The Ballet Rambert is a brave, tenacious concern. The company spends most of the year touring the provinces under difficult circumstances and with comparatively little support from the Arts Council which, one would have thought, would be keen to foster the company that has done more than any other towards the development of choreography in this country. With a good basic repertoire for their London season at Sadler's Wells and the Festival Gardens, the standard of choreography in the first two new ballets is unfortunately lacking in quality. These works are by Jack Carter: *Love Knots,* a First Empire whim, and *The Life and Death of Lola Montez,* a Victorian whim. In *Love Knots* a soldier sends a *billet doux* to a lady at an assembly ball; but the black page gives it to another. There ensues a short misunderstanding. It is curious to see the ladies in the high-waisted, slim-skirted dresses of the period kicking up their legs and flinging around in a modern idiom of movement. This makes the whole affair incompatible. The nice refinements of a Jane Austen ballroom are not to be caught in the genteel toss of a feathered head. Only Noreen Sopwith is able to create some atmospheric feeling, and she moves with charming pathos in the part of the girl who gets the note, but is not loved. *The Life and Death of Lola Montez,* a lush subject, is shown in facetious scraps only worthy of a feeble revue.

The third new work, *Variations on a Theme,* by John Cranko, music by Benjamin Britten, is an original ballet, with a co-ordination running through the choreography, decor and music that is rare. The scene is a grim dream city, a dream of tentacles and fire and innocence, all brought out of a charlatan's bag. A man weaves through this world of strange imaginings, which creep and leap at him, giving a sense of surprise and also satisfaction, for they are bold, unhackneyed creatures, superbly dressed by our best young ballet designer, Kenneth Rowell. This is a great advance on Mr. Cranko's other serious ballets: it is better planned and far more poetic, for previously these qualities have seemed rather spurious or superficial. But here is a powerful fantasia, danced in perfect harmony by the whole company, each individual giving a performance that could hardly be bettered.

On the classical side Madame Rambert has a capable young soloist, Beryl Goldwyn. She needs more experience and more audacity, but in *Giselle* and Act II of *Le Lac des Cygnes* she shows real capabilities and a sound technical basis on which her talent may develop. There are two qualities that have belonged to the Rambert *corps de ballet* as long as I can remember. First is a generosity of style that is a great pleasure to see, but with this goes an inattention to the straightness of lines



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and an unequalness of behaviour that is less satisfactory.

The other offshoot of the Rambert Ballet—Ballet Workshop—presents another programme of experimental work at the Mercury Theatre. *Four Poems* (by Walter de la Mare, spoken) prove themselves quite unsuitable to dance interpretation: the effect is pale and wan. By contrast Michael Holmes's *Common Ground* is red and roaring. There is some clever choreography when the hero is beaten up and killed by a gang of toughs, although this subject does not interest me greatly. I prefer my sadism more subtly arranged. Finally there is *Conflict*—the emotional conflict of a girl tempted away from her secluded life. Here is a turgid, symbolical work, greatly enhanced in the middle by a sexy little dance, beautifully performed.

ANNABEL FARJEON

LOOK AND LISTEN

THE Third Programme's James Joyce Commem Day was one of those radio occasions to which you look forward with enthusiasm and anxiety, the mixed feelings of a form master who knows the boys have chosen something rather too difficult. . . . The actual celebration was the 50th anniversary of June 16th, Bloomsday, the day on which the action of *Ulysses* takes place. The episodes chosen were the Hades and the Aeolus: Paddy Dignam's funeral, in the cab and at the service; the crisp, crowded scene at the newspaper office which begins with Bloom fussing about his ads., the scene where his and Stephen Dedalus's paths cross for the first time.

Peter Duval Smith's arrangement was deft enough, but the production was rather ragged, the tempo desperately slow. Cyril Cusack, the story-teller, read the descriptive text with a deliciously hideous, harsh and corncraky Dublin accent, but insisted on lingering over each syllable as if it were a succulent bivalve. The real weakness was Liam Redmond's Bloom. His rendering was too hushed, too pensive and lugubrious altogether. Our Poldy's stream of consciousness, even when flowing as it often does through dark stretches of melancholy, has always a jaunty, hypomanic ripple. This Mr. Redmond completely missed. His Bloom uttered throughout in a low, slow tremulous croak: the effect was mighty strange, most un-Dublin and totally un-Jewish, more like an ague-stricken peasant from a Mayo bog.

The minor characters were lively and the *faux pas* about Bloom's father's suicide came across nicely. The newspaper office scene, which is written in a more straightforwardly dramatic form, went with a fair swing—and a rather unnatural clatter of printing machinery effects, that sounded like razor stropping. Here the let-down came from the other protagonist, Stephen, played by Desmond Jordan in a curiously improbable bat-squeak. Nevertheless, making due allowances for everything, including, no doubt, some fierce telepathic jamming by the Home Secretary, it was ear-worthy. A fascinating incidental item was the voice of Joyce himself, reading, in that all too inimitable, high precise tenor, the parody of John F. Taylor's speech which MacHugh delivers in the office.

The big theatrical night on Television was another Commem occasion, the fiftieth anniversary of the R.A.D.A. We came to it virtually leucotomised by an interminable quarter of an hour of Queen Mary's Art Treasures, which proved that nothing televises worse than a Fabergé Easter Egg. This was one of the neatest pieces of motionless visual torment yet devised. As often on TV, there was a turn up for the book. The show was stolen by the veterans (Robert Atkins, Violet Farebrother, Iris Hoey, Athene Seyler, Ruby Miller and William Sylvester), reminiscing beforehand about early days at the R.A.D.A., and commenting, with that so rare, pristine spontaneity, on a fascinating little film *circa* 1907, featuring Shaw, Pinero, and others at a committee meeting. In the play excerpts, Margaret Lockwood snatched pluckily at a chance to display her cerebral cortex as Liza in a scene from *Pygmalion*; Helen Cherry (standing in for Pamela Brown) gave us a perfect performance as Fry's non-inflammable lady, outwitting Trevor Howard's attempts, no doubt unintentional, to hog the camera by twitching. The piece, Barrie's one-act teaser, the unsolved whodunnit, *Shall We Join the Ladies?* with a starry cast including Mervyn Johns, Valerie Taylor, Sonia Dresdel, Ronald Simpson, and Hugh Williams as the butler, was quite fun, and quite fast despite utter camera-fixity entailed by the stage in Gower Street.

But the most dramatic item of the week's viewing was a few seconds in the newsreel of the row in the Japanese parliament, an immensely vivid flash of tragi-comic human action. This, I believe, is the first fight in any parliament to be televised. It is now up to the French and Italian deputies, both capable of stormy performances, to show their mettle.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

THE MOVIES

"Knave of Hearts," General Release
"Trio Ballet," at the Rialto
"Executive Suite," at the Empire
"Children of Love," at the Continentale

This week provides almost everything with a new giant screen, Ulanova (shall we ever see her in person?), pleas for big business and the unmarried mother and even a film worth seeing on its own account.

The new screen enlargement is Paramount's Vista Vision, in shape not too elongated, and in precision an advance on what we have been given hitherto. This has been achieved by taking (if I understand rightly) a larger negative and print, and reducing it to normal size for the greatly enlarged projection. The lenses employed also have great depth of focus—rather too much, in fact. But the result is a gain in clarity and common sense; if we must have bigness, here it is, straight. Those whose favourite seat is at the back of the circle will no doubt welcome its appearance here in the autumn.

Ulanova dances in scenes from *Swan Lake*, in what is called "a revised version." Very little skill has been employed in getting this performance on celluloid; a real lake and artificial swans, with electric light bulbs on their heads, a stage lake with cartoon swans flying over, and the dancers themselves represent the lumberings of realist fancy. However, Tchaikovsky and most of the old movements are there, and Ulanova is the white swan of one's dreams. She delights also in a dramatic but not very distinguished ballet from a Pushkin poem, *Fountain of Bakchisarai*. The remaining piece of *Trio Ballet* deals with the French Revolution in the manner, one supposes, of a sovietised Ivor Novello.

In *Executive Suite* brightness falls from the air when the head of a furniture-making business fails to turn up at the meeting called for six, and is found dead on a New York pavement. There is quite a lot of sobbing over this, of the kind indulged in by the Carpenter picking out those of the largest size. In other words, who is going to get himself voted into the empty chair? Fredric March and Walter Pidgeon are in the running; Miss Barbara Stanwyck, with her most agonised expression and the open window handy, is horribly rich both in scrip and script; but—what a relief—the schemers whose aim is actually to make money are outschemed by someone with a look of Better Furniture in his eye.

If this fairy-tale is fairly competently executed in the Hollywood way, the French *Children of Love* tries for a transatlantic slickness of sentiment in its melodrama of an institution for *filles mères*. Our feelings are regimented. One unhappily swollen girl might have captured our sympathies, a hundred or so do not, especially as they all go through phases of suspense and rebellion and blossom out with bouncing babies together. It's a bit too much. It tries in the end to be funny and touching, and is certainly funny.

Knave of Hearts, after its West End run, is going about the circuits with the tag of "naughtiness." This may help business but does some injustice to the film, which has charm as well as cynicism. René Clement came to London to make it, and London quite as much as the adventures of an irresistible amorist (Gérard Philipe) who comes to an ironic end, captures the spectator. Our hard-up Don Juan loves to wander through the great city, following, usually, it is true, women; but he and his director are at least half in love with London. Its rush hours in street and train, rainy pavements, gaunt apartment houses, telephone boxes in which a tie can be changed, and park bandstands where an assignation may be made, are the real lure. That, and some witty and not too unsympathetic glimpses into English female character, give an unexpected charm to philandering. The episodes in *Knave of Hearts* are better than the whole, its adventure of having crossed the Channel and picked up the threads better than either.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

COMMUNISTS IN AMERICA

Sir,—I notice that J.-P. Sartre says Americans are anti-Communist because there are no Communists in America. (" Sartre and the Communists," New Statesman and Nation, May 8, 1954.) " Do you imagine," he says, " that the Americans could ever have manufactured that marvellous instrument of propaganda called *anti-Communism* if there were any Communists in the U.S.? If, as in France, you meet members of the C.P. every day or even every month, how can you believe that they eat babies? If, on the other hand, you have never seen a Communist, how can one prove to you that Communists *don't* eat babies?"

Now, this is one of those comments that Europeans sometimes make about America that don't sound right to Americans. It's perfectly true that most of us have never seen any Communists. I live in a university town and my chances of seeing a Communist must be as good as anybody's, but I'm not sure I ever saw a regular Communist. I did know a man once who people said had once been a Communist; it might have been just a rumour but then again it might not, and I never heard any good evidence that he didn't eat babies. So I think J.-P. Sartre is mostly right about his facts, but just the same I think his remark gives the wrong impression. It sounds as though he thought that it's mostly Communists that we don't get a chance to meet, but actually there are a lot of people besides Communists that we hardly ever see very much of, and as far as we know they eat babies too. Why, there are millions of us here in Michigan who never even saw a Democrat. Before our students come down here to the University their parents don't warn them about Communists, they warn them about Democrats. A girl I know who just ended her freshman year wrote about this problem in one of her themes. She said, " Up home we knew about Democrats and there were even two or three around Tawas. But I never expected to find the mobs of them there are down here. In fact, our lecturer in political science is one. I felt like somebody had given me virus. Afterwards, though, I was very glad that Dr. —— leaned to the Left because I began to understand some of the democratic ideas, even though I didn't accept all of them. That was my first opportunity to view the other side. I was ready to go home, but my father told me to stay until Thanksgiving," etc. I asked this girl if I could quote her paper in my letter to you and she said yes, if I thought it would contribute anything to international understanding, and I said yes, I thought it would. I'm sure you will understand why I have not told you the lecturer's name.

Ann Arbor, Michigan. Donald L. Hill

AMERICANISM

Sir,—In the June 12 issue of The New Statesman and Nation in an editorial on the Oppenheimer case, you state: " the second comment is that Oppenheimer has been sacked. . . . in order to prevent McCarthy making capital by exposing 'Reds who have held up the H-bomb.' " This remark has no basis in fact, as any careful reading of this subject in the *New York Times* will show. A body of men were chosen to judge this case, and their decision was that Oppenheimer was not a good security risk because of his vague mental approach to Communism. His honour was never questioned. Obviously any quotation from the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists* would be prejudiced, since he is on their staff! (I am a subscriber.)

Millions of Americans feel Senator McCarthy has done a fine job of purging our Government of Reds. We Americans realise the terrible danger of Communism and don't want any spies around, whether they be scientists or politicians or writers. We don't approve of Einstein—the United States has been his home for years and he has shown no love for America—he signs many anti-American petitions, and in many small ways acts in a manner unworthy of his intelligence.

The scientists in America have always felt themselves above suspicion, and have always resented any interference from the Government. Most of us feel these individuals are no better and no worse than the rest of us. We feel that it is not a right but an honour to work for the U.S., and any question of loyalty or security should be decided in favour of the U.S., and this is also the law now.

America is standing up to Russia and her spies; we have spent, and will spend, blood and money to fight Russia. Our President is doing the same and I take personal exception to your intimating he is a " political coward." He was England's friend during the last war—your article does not do you justice, in my humble opinion. A. B. Martin

465E57, N.Y.C.

THE FABIAN SOCIETY

Sir,—As many readers of The New Statesman and Nation will know, this is the Fabian Society's 70th Anniversary year. We should like to take this opportunity of drawing attention to its work and urging more members of the Labour Movement to support it.

The immense contribution of the Fabians to British Socialism at the turn of the century is well known. Fabian permeation helped to create the climate of opinion in which a native Socialism in the British political tradition could grow, and Fabian research provided a basis of facts for Labour propagandists. The work of Socialist research and education continued through the Twenties and Thirties and the war years, and the Labour Government of 1945 drew, in its legislation, on what had been done.

During its lifetime the Society has published over 500 pamphlets and nearly 100 books, many of which have had a profound influence on Socialism in this country. It has been able to make a contribution to Socialist thinking that has been practical and carefully considered. It has no collective policy other than the affirmation in its constitution of the principles of Socialism and democracy, and the responsibility of the Society for its publications is limited to approving them " as worthy of consideration within the Labour Movement."

We believe that there is today as great a need as ever for the study of economic and social problems and that the Fabian Society deserves the support of thoughtful people representative of the whole of the Labour Movement. The work of its Home Research Department, Colonial and International Bureaux and of Fabian Local Societies must continue.

We ask your readers to write to the General Secretary at 11, Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1, for full particulars of membership of the Fabian Society.

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THE LESSON OF CRICHEL DOWN

Sir,—The tenor of the questions on this subject addressed to the Minister of Agriculture by Mr. Tom Williams on June 15 and referred to in your issue of June 19 must, I imagine, have dismayed many members of the Labour Party and confirmed in their opposition any opponents who happened to read them. I had myself thought that we in the Labour Party were fully conscious of the dangers of head bureaucrats becoming "anonymous major-domos sheltering behind Ministers who do not know enough to control them." Be that as it may, Mr. Williams's words afford a striking and rather startling illustration of an attitude of mind hard to reconcile with a respect for democracy. It is, moreover, an attitude which, on occasions before now, has helped to frustrate investigation into conduct of government departments and nationalised industries which appeared, *prima facie*, to merit inquiry.

Your article put the broader issues involved admirably. My only concern (as a moderately active member of the Labour Party for over twenty years) is to express the hope that in the forthcoming debate the Opposition will unequivocally disown what you so aptly described as the "churlish hostility" of Mr. Williams's words. H. S. Wilson

23 India Street, Edinburgh, 3.

MYXOMATOSIS

Sir,—I find it hard to believe that anybody can write such sentimental nonsense about " bunnies playing in the evening twilight." Figures of rabbit damage in agriculture are far too convincing to allow people to enjoy these dear little things. Would Norah Brigham be pleased to see dozens of dear little rats playing in her kitchen? Yet these are just as destructive. Nobody seems to make a fuss about these being poisoned. E. E. Tebbutt

Plas Bach, Bodorgan, Anglesey.

MAIDSTONE

Sir,—It is fitting, but sometimes unfortunate, that Prison Commissioners and Governors in the dignity of their position do not enter the arena of the correspondence columns of the Press. But the public, who have little opportunity to verify accounts of prison life, must not, even unwittingly, be misled.

Both from my own brief visit, and from the accounts given to me by others, including former prisoners of Maidstone Prison, I can only confirm the validity of all that C. H. Rolph says in criticism of the account given by Mr. Heckstall-Smith of that prison. The staff (instructional, administrative, and discipline), have considerable, and *apparent*, respect and admiration for the tireless efforts of the Governor. If a

THE COMMUNICATION OF IDEAS

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Emeritus Professor of Statistics in the University of London

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prison atmosphere can ever be described as " happy," that epithet applies to Maidstone; but what is more important, from the community's viewpoint—it is successful. The figures for reconviction of former prisoners, given in Sir Lionel Fox's recent book on the Prison Service, incomplete as they are, show clearly a far higher percentage of " successes " at Maidstone than in the Prison Service generally, even after due allowance is made for the rather better type of prisoner sent there.

London, N.W.4. REX B. COWAN

GRADUATE WIVES

SIR,—Paid employment is not the only opportunity for the graduate wife to make use of her talents and training outside the home. She may indeed combine a normal family life with a variety of activities that are both socially useful and personally rewarding. I think, for instance, of service as a school governor or on a hospital management committee, of case-work with problem children and old people, or of a score of similar voluntary interests. It is often surprisingly difficult to find qualified women to serve on these bodies. With the decline of a leisured class, with more careers opening to women, the flow of recruits to voluntary and unpaid public work has been drying up; at the same time, much of the work that was done in the past by charitable organisations of one kind or another has been assumed by State or semi-public agencies. Thousands of trained women, who have neither the financial need nor the personal inclination to put a full-time job before their family, could find ample time for such light or intermittent public duties. JEANNE MACKENZIE

Hampstead.

CO-OPERATORS TAKING STOCK

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Aubrey Wilson, obviously misled by the inevitable compression of newspaper reports, charges me, in addressing the Scarborough Co-operative Congress, with " deliberately obscuring the issue " as to the recent trends in retailing, by omitting reference to the comparatively rapid rate of trade advance shown by the multiple stores. I actually drew specific attention to this trend, saying " There is evidence that the trade of departmental stores has lagged behind, by contrast with the rapid advance of the multiples, notably in some dry goods trades, and with the Co-ops. occupying a mid-way position. There is no foundation for the suggested relative decline in co-operative trading, but rather the contrary."

Mr. Wilson is, of course, perfectly entitled to dissent from my conclusions: but not to charge me with misrepresentation.

Plymouth. H. J. TWIGG

WEATHER FORECASTS

SIR,—In this week's " London Diary," Critic quotes a remark in my presidential address to the Royal Meteorological Society, that the layman does not fully appreciate that a weather forecast is essentially a " statement of chances," and comments " That, I should have thought, was the one thing we non-meteorologists had learned to appreciate." But a " statement of chances " is not the same thing as a " chancy statement," which is what Critic's comment seems to imply. My remark arose from a theme developed in my lecture (which, of course, was given before an audience composed mainly of mathematicians and physicists) that the nature of large-scale atmospheric disturbances precludes all but predictions of the *probabilities* of certain events. A forecast of showers (meaning a high probability of rain in brief spells) is not necessarily bad if rain is not reported during the period—the risk still may have been very real. It is this aspect which I believe the public does not realise.

A forecast is bad when it is misleading, which is what happened with the early forecasts for the Whitsun holidays. On the Thursday before the holiday the forecasters thought that the probability of fine weather in the South and in the Midlands was greater than the chance of the early spread of instability, and events proved them wrong. Once instability appears it is very difficult to estimate how far it will spread, but apart from this there is no mystery about the rain which deluged Southern England during Whitsun.

Richmond Hill. O. G. SUTTON

THE WORLD IN THE EVENING

SIR,—May I be allowed to protest against Mr. Pritchett's review of Mr. Isherwood's new novel *The World in the Evening*? Mr. Isherwood has attempted a very serious theme, and, despite a great deal that is highly entertaining and much that is moving in the book, he has, I think, failed in his central purpose. But that is neither here nor there. A major part of the novel is concerned with events in the 'twenties and 'thirties and is laid in Paris, London, Austria and other parts of Europe. From Mr. Pritchett's review, a reader would certainly suppose that Mr. Isherwood had attempted a novel of the contemporary American scene. Even the most superficial reading of the book would show that this is not his aim. Mr. Pritchett further speaks of " the Quakers in the city of Philadelphia." Even this is not correct. The Quaker episodes take place, it is true, in Pennsylvania, but in a small town called Dolgelly. It is explicitly said that there is a train every twenty minutes to Philadelphia, and the community is chosen specifically to illustrate that of a small town. Surely any novelist, let alone one of Mr. Isherwood's attainments, is entitled to more consideration from his reviewers than this, particularly when the review is so unfavourable? ANGUS WILSON

[Mr. Pritchett writes: " Reviewers ought to be accurate but they need not be exhaustive even though an important writer disappoints them. A large part of Mr. Isherwood's novel was set in America, and nearly all the characters, including the narrator whose moral dilemma dominates the book, are American. Several are Pennsylvania Quakers. Surely this indicates the colouring the novelist wished his book to have; and beside an indigenous American novel like *Augie March*, with which I was reviewing it, Mr. Isherwood's colouring seemed pale."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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Books in General

FOR the writer, the life of Flaubert is a magnoperative spectacle, a subject for devout contemplation. Tolstoi, Balzac, Dostoevsky are the titans of modern literature: he is its first pale Galilean, the greatest of the novelist-martyrs. "Our doubt," cries James's Master in the story, "is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." Flaubert's life was a controlled madness, the madness of a *rentier* of genius rigorously following his own prescription for humanity: to "live like a bourgeois and think like a demi-god." His existence was a travail, his work a paradox, his personality a kind of triumphant *fasces*: a bundle of psychological disparities bound with a will of steel and surrounding an axe—the most powerful social intelligence of the nineteenth century.

The contradictions in Flaubert's character are staggering. The gourd of self-pity at the centre, for example, so carefully watered in childhood, swelling so steadily for the rest of his life, yet capable, in art's service, of the most intense and fertilising sublimation. He was a natural womaniser, yet he carried Platonic love to absurd lengths and lived as a sexual ascetic for years on end. His impenetrable disgust for life—what Pater called his sense of "the cruelty of the ways of things"— served as a background to fits of boisterous high spirits and the workings of the most voluptuous, untrammelled imagination. His clinical eye for the real, the typical, the ordinary, was joined to an almost hysterical craving for the grotesque and incongruous and, even stranger, to a unique feeling for natural beauty. No wonder his friends' verdicts differ. He is a man "who has had something killed under him in his youth, an illusion, a dream perhaps" (the Goncourts); "one of the very few who have remained receptive and sincere . . . [who] will always be twenty-five" (George Sand); "a powerful, serious, melancholy, manly, deeply corrupted yet not corrupting nature" (James in the *Notebooks*).

Nevertheless, in a sense Flaubert is the least enigmatic of great artists. Each of his prodigious and conflicting qualities is clearly emphasised in some part of his work, though to find the sum of them we must go to his correspondence.* He believed that the writer should keep himself out of his books, that the creative personality can only express itself legitimately through style. But in fact he hid little of himself from posterity, not a tenth of what Henry James hid, for instance. "Be impersonal!" the great voice booms out at us time and again: create your characters as though you were God and not Victor Hugo; don't brood over them, don't patronise them, don't intrude yourself into their lives. The great moustaches bristle indignantly, as he tells George Sand:

> *Je trouve même qu'un romancier* n'a pas le droit d'exprimer son opinion *sur quoi que ce soit. Est-ce que le bon Dieu l'a jamais dite son opinion? . . . Le premier venu est plus intéressant que M. G. Flaubert, parce qu'il est plus* général *et par conséquent plus typique.*

Yet, despite the famous and reiterated æsthetic, no writer ever kept less of himself back from his readers.

The pattern of Flaubert's creative life was a magnificent, hurtling zig-zag; like a crazy car in a fun-fair he swerved from side to side of his self-opposing temperament. At the age of 29, Bouilhet and Ducamp having rejected the first draft of the *Tentation,* he sails for Egypt and, if Ducamp's story be true, finds Emma Bovary at the second cataract of the Nile. For six years he shuts himself up at Croisset, alone with the doctor, the chemist, the curé and the banal adulteress. He kills Emma with the taste of arsenic on his tongue, rises, ready for bed, in the small hours and senses a figure standing behind his study chair. The book is a triumph but his six-year stretch of bourgeois mediocrity has stifled Flaubert. He reacts by throwing himself back in Carthage, B.C. 240. For three years his imagination runs amok—rutting, killing, luxuriating in a world of pygmies and lupanars. The result, *Salammbô,* horrifies Paris —the smart, correct Second Empire Paris of the new boulevards. The jewellery is too large, the elephants too fierce, the whole theme too bizarre. Sainte-Beuve, at his most provincial—as he generally was when living genius was in question —caught the general mood perfectly.

Flaubert was despondent but again he set to work. Once more he attempted something completely different, something greater than anything he had done before. This time he drew relentlessly upon his self-pity, upon his ideal frustrated passion for Elisa Schlésinger, on his early romanticism, on all the young man's dreams of fame and glittering prizes that he and his friends had nursed in the 1840s. And he achieved a masterpiece. *L'Education sentimentale* partly answers Dr. Leavis's charge that Flaubert's "disgust" and "disdain" for humanity preclude him from those marks of grace that distinguish our Great Tradition—"a vital capacity for experience, a kind of reverent openness towards life and a marked moral intensity." Few novels have shown a greater or a more terrifying capacity for experience. True, Flaubert felt no "moral intensity" about human beings taken singly. His positivism, his faith in science, his theories of environment and physiology, the childhood prestige of his father's surgery at the Hôtel-Dieu, his strictly visual imagination—everything prevented that. A Dorothea Casaubon or an Isabel Archer lay outside the scope of his art (though not, as these letters show, outside his human sympathy and comprehension). But for society, for human beings in the lump, he had moral intensity in plenty. "In all of politics," he told Louise Colet twenty years before, "there is only one thing I understand: the riot." Time gave the triumphant lie to this confession. In his third and greatest novel Flaubert passed terrible sentence upon his generation, upon the men of '48, and, by implication, upon France herself. Mr. Edmund Wilson has shown us how closely the novelist's interpretation of 1848 squares with that of Marx, and Sir Lewis Namier, in one of his great flashes of parenthesis, has pressed the point home. Sir Lewis's diagnosis proves how surely Flaubert grasped the French nineteenth-century predicament. "Throughout the nineteenth century," he writes,

> France was a shell-shocked nation—until 1870 by her own past greatness, after 1870 by her defeat. Like a man who, to overcome the effects of an overwhelming experience, continually reproduces it in his memory and emotions, so during the years 1815-1870 France re-lived the history of 1789-1815. . . . There was something singularly unreal and depressingly second-hand about this dream-play of French history, full of sadness, regrets and scepticism, even during the apparent revival of national greatness. France had passed her zenith, without chance of return. But the past continued to dominate and predetermine her present.

This is the historical situation that Flaubert conveys with such subconscious power and intensity in his book. Frédéric Moreau is not only the ironic image of Flaubert the romanticist and of Flaubert's generation; he and his world embody a corrupt and traumatic society:

> Most of the men present had served at least four Governments; and they would have sold France, or the whole human race, to safeguard their fortunes, to spare themselves a moment's uneasiness or embarrassment, or else, out of sheer servility, through their instinctive reverence for brute strength.

1848—or 1940? This book is not only a great speech for the historical prosecution. We might almost call it the French social Apocalypse.

Once more the bourgeoisie was outraged. ("We don't like that kind of thing in Rouen!") Flaubert's reply was to rewrite *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine,* that dazzling effusion of pantheism, mythology and space-fiction, a masterpiece that ties with the *Opium Eater* as the greatest prose reverie of the century. Broken by 1870 and its aftermath, he took to railing—against France, the Commune, the bourgeoisie, mankind. He had always believed in original sin, or rather, in the original ineradicable stupidity of human beings, and in his last book he flung his arms round stupidity's twin pillars, Bouvard and Pécuchet, and brought them crashing down. Alas, it was a pantomime gesture; the pillars were only stucco. But if the vast impossible design—a design worthy of Swift or Rabelais—had been carried out, the whole citadel of human futility would have fallen. Flaubert had planned to bury himself, his art, his feelings, conspicuously in its dust. But the potter's wheel was broken and the phrase found among his notes—"*ainsi tout leur a craqué dans la main*" —sums up his last adventure as an artist. The arc of his genius had completed its curve.

Flaubert imposed the conflicting elements of his character upon his books; he imposes himself totally upon us in his correspondence. There was a swarthy streak of theatre in his nature and in his letters he uses it to produce and dramatise himself *à l'outrance.* No personality was ever so well stage-managed. A powerful yellow spot plays over the self-sacrificing artist. He groans, he agonises, he weeps, he dazzles, he bellows. I am leading a curé's existence, he tells his friends, "I am the obscure and patient pearl-fisher," *je reste comme Job sur son fumier, à gratter ma vermine, à retourner mes phrases.*" He deluges them—Bouilhet, Feydeau, the Goncourts, George Sand—with his hopes and fears, his hatreds and enthusiasms, his views on art, chastity, politics, self-indulgence. He waves his critical scalpel at *Les Misérables,* prostrates himself before Michelet, lauds Turgenev, plays mouse to Sainte-Beuve's tabby. He presses his friends into the service of *Le réel,* coaxing the gamut of emotion from Louise Colet (the tantrums will be useful for Emma!) Has Feydeau found the Fontainebleau rail schedule for '48? He needs it for Frédéric and Rosanette. He must also read Proudhon, watch a child's throat operation, visit a porcelain factory and study the Bourse fluctuations.

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* *Selected Letters of Gustave Flaubert.* Edited by FRANCIS STEEGMULLER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

Mr. Steegmuller gives us all this and more. He is the ideal showman-translator. But every devout Flaubertian will regret the absence of his own favourite passages. Personally, I miss the long letter to Froehner, the archæologist, about *Salammbô—a tour de force* of erudition and acrimony, worthy of a Bentley or a Porson—except, as Mr. Philip Spencer tells us in his biography, that it leaves Froehner's most serious objections unanswered. Above all, I wish that Mr. Steegmuller had been able to include more of the letters to that dim provincial bluestocking, Mlle Leroyer de Chantepie. There is something tiresome but touching about this middle-aged swan of Angers with her religious doubts, her eye-trouble, her uncompleted history of Anjou and her vague aspirations towards happiness. Firmly but tenderly Flaubert tries to reason her out of her slough of despond, to get her to accept life as it is:

> *J'ai connu comme vous les intenses mélancolies que donne l'Angelus par les soirs d'été. Si tranquille que j'aie été à la surface, moi aussi j'ai été* ravagé *et, faut-il le dire, je le suis encore quelquefois. Mais . . . je tâche de me griser avec l'art, comme d'autres font avec de l'eau-de-vie. A force de volonté on parvient à perdre la notion de son propre individu. Croyez-moi, on n'est pas heureux, mais on ne souffre plus.*

And he ends with a recipe:

> *Lisez Montaigne, lisez-le lentement, posément:* Il vous calmera. . . . *Mais ne lisez pas, comme les enfants lisent, pour vous amuser, ni comme les ambitieux lisent, pour vous instruire. Non, lisez* pour vivre.

She must have been a tiring correspondent, yet he never shows his irritation. It is 4 a.m., he has been working all night, but he still finds time to write her a letter. Though he has never seen her, she is a fellow artist, she is lonely and suffering. For Flaubert that is enough.

JOHN RAYMOND

MUMSIE

They tell us that she took the train at dawn
and fled across the frontier with her dog,
leaving her staff unpaid, her pearls in pawn

. . . who wandered wide-eyed in a moral fog,
a heart of phoney diamonds on her sleeve,
and sleeps in Old Vienna like a log,

while those she preyed on sit awake and grieve,
lipping, as usual, her best liqueurs,
inheriting her world of make-believe.

The *grandes toilettes,* the feathers and the furs,
the boxes at the opera—who are we
to judge or grudge the pleasures that were hers?

For, as she said, her aim was plain to see:
simply that all must share her happiness—
if that means paying tribute, we agree,

reflecting, as we contemplate the mess,
that the deprived child steals the toys of others,
and that we cannot even start to guess

how many have been ruined by their mothers.

SAM HARRISON

BECKFORD'S PORTUGAL

The Journal of William Beckford in Portugal and Spain 1787-1788. Edited by BOYD ALEXANDER. *Hart-Davis.* 30s.

Vathek is one of the superb flukes of literature. It is one of those mysterious perfectings or crystallisations of experience in imaginative form, which occur suddenly, are put down in two or three days—or so the transfigured author believes—and which jump the tedious queue of fame. The circumstances in which Beckford's later account of his travels in Italy, Portugal and France were written are mundane in comparison, but there is an element of accident here, too. His is a luck more likely to come to the amateur than to the professional. The merit of the *Travels* lies in its Portuguese chapters, for Beckford hit upon a society in Portugal for which he had a natural affinity. It is not extravagant to say that his family's connection with Jamaica and the Oriental bias of his education prepared him for this over-ripe country, fecund in vegetation and architecture and with its undermining love of sloth, ornament and nostalgia. If he had not suffered wretchedly from seasickness, Beckford might not have got off at Lisbon on his way to Jamaica. He found in Portugal an aristocracy of fantastic wealth, dug out of Brazil, of rococo tastes and torpid life. He was 27 when he went there, an embittered exile escaping from scandal, ostracised and persecuted by English society at home and abroad; the strange thing was that he did not write the account of his residence until 47 years later. This seemed like another fluke in the history of literary composition, until only a few years ago, a complete *Journal* of these travels was found among Beckford's papers and was seen to be the close foundation of the book. The *Journal* is now published for the first time and we can have the pleasure of comparing life with literature.

Life is at once more vivid and more boring. For the diarist, every day is a wound, one more preparation for hopes deferred, a record of evanescence punctuated by satire. Beckford had hardened his heart in Portugal. His wife was dead. He had become petulant, angry, out for small victories, quick at intrigue, yet touchingly grateful for affection, which one family poured out to him. The central situation in the *Journal* is his quarrel with the British Ambassador who refused to present the disgraced homosexual to the Queen; in agreeable revenge, Beckford charmed the greatest families in Portugal, who took up his cause and opened their hearts to him. On their side, they were captivated by his gaiety, his brilliance, his eccentricity—and no doubt his wealth: he was the richest man in England. On his, he kept a spirit more ironical, irreverent and guarded. A man of exotic imagination and arrested disposition—Beckford continually refers to his own capering childishness—was likely to be an amateur in matters of the heart. If he really was homosexual, he was also the father of children and liked a four-sided intrigue with an older woman, a young woman and a boy. The great rococo palaces of Portugal were exactly to his complex taste; the religious ceremonies had the desired grandiose gloom; the rhetoric of religious misanthropy pleased him in its exaggeration and unreality; he enjoyed palming himself off as devout and the dull bigotry (which bored him) answered to his appetite for the grotesque.

> In our way, we met the Sacrament marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit. Out we tumbled with great preoccupation and followed it as fast as our legs would carry us. There was that idiot the Count de Vila Nora trotting along in a scarlet mantle with a huge wax taper in his hand. He is always in close attendance on the Host and passes the flower of his days in dangling after it.

Or at mass at the Antonine convent:

> Berti distinguished himself by frequent thumpings and crossings. I thump pretty well, but have not yet learned to keep perfect time. For flippery in crossing myself and goosishness in poking out my head I will turn my back to no one.

As many travellers have done, he hated the place he loved. There are daily complaints of the climate, now damp and clotting, now cold and rowdy with the Atlantic wind banging the windows all night, tearing up the lemon groves of Cintra and driving the clouds over the romantic crags; now tropically hot and forcing northern vegetation to a size that was almost repellent in its succulent excess; but the complaints of boredom run together with the pleasures and after thinking he had been bored, he was wretched when the time came to leave people he had loved and a life that had been happy.

The Portuguese aristocracy lived in prosaic domesticity. One understands Voltaire when one considers the dunderheaded bigotry of the orthodox who could combine superstition and Grundyism with the provinciality of a motionless court. Beckford was amused, but his *Journal* is full of comparisons of people to toads, fowls and turkeys. There were superb banquets for the owner of Fonthill, but there were also repasts of "dish-clout soup, wizzled chicken and flabby turbot." The ludicrous, the childish and the romantic melancholy will all be found here. Hours he spends in the lantern of his villa, childishly amused by the mirrors; one evening he shakes his friends by a tremendous sermon on damnation; he is hit below the belt by the evocative melancholy of Portuguese singing—by those songs that seem as innocent as milk and that fill the soul with poison; at night, there is a terrible dream of his dead wife, like something out of Poe.

A brilliant, frivolous and affectable temperament, tender but brusque, arrogant and inclined to scrapes, but easily chastened: Beckford's mind has the defensive pride, the afflatus and hardness often found in the children of the new rich. He has their energy, too. As a traveller his vitality is high, he has a talent for getting himself into situations and he has originality and curiosity. The amateurs make excellent travellers and in the *Journal* one has his journeys at first hand. His heart is on his sleeve, if there is brutality in his tongue. One misses something—what is it? The Stendhalian dryness? That civilisation for which sensibility may be a substitute? But if a traveller is honest, instructive, pungent and has a wicked eye for human nature, what else can we ask?

V. S. PRITCHETT

DEAD AND ALIVE

Man, Time and Fossils. By RUTH MOORE. *Cape.* 21s.

Living Fossils. By MAURICE BURTON. *Thames & Hudson.* 21s.

Man, Time and Fossils is about Man's discovery of himself as a living being undergoing transformation. We know what a shock this idea was when first mooted by Darwin: though some greeted it with relief, others only felt shame and insecurity on thinking that Man's creation, which once took place on a definite day of the week, now might be a lengthy affair during any one of several thousand years. And, of course, from apes; whence the popularity of the Missing Link, the generalised Ancestor to make us all legitimate.

"There was only one way in which I could approach the writing of a book on the subject so deep, moving and all encompassing as the evolution of man," writes Ruth Moore. "That was as a reporter. The function of a reporter is to describe, and in one sense to interpret, the work of the expert to the layman." This function, it must be said, she carries out well. Her chapters are all neat and concise, marshalling all the more relevant and important facts. She starts us off more or less with Darwin, with his slow but consuming appetite for facts, his cautiousness and his infinite capacity for taking pains; picking out instances from his voyage in the *Beagle* to show how the problem of evolution was always at the bottom of his mind. Darwinism, laid out bare for our inspection, looks a bit odd today: a simple giant of few articulations, like Puffing Billy, though better equipped than the opposing

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Among other articles in July are:

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE: July 14, 1789

The storming of the Bastille, though commemorated on France's National Day, is still the object of bitter controversy. Some denounce the " legend " of the Bastille as a propagandist stunt, claiming that its captors were prompted by the basest motives. George Rude gives an account of what really happened.

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monster of Lamarck and Giard. Cope and Marsh, the American palæontologists, appear in their mad rush to be in first with a new fossil; Weismann is brought on the scene, cutting the tails off five generations of mice. We are shown de Vriess and Mendel, and their experiments are carefully described—what luck for Mendel, one thinks, that he started work on peas which gave a clear answer, and not on the hawksweed that, coming first, would surely have baffled him. We see the modern evolutionary genetics at work, with some awed fun poked at the higher mathematics.

Then at last we come to Man himself, and some of his better-known fossil relatives. The story of Dubois in search of Pithecanthropus, and the incredible coincidence of finding what he was looking for, followed by his thirty-year sulks when the scientific world wouldn't accept his findings—all this makes good reading. Peking Man is described from his first appearance in Chinese drugstores, to Dragon-bone Hill and to his complete disappearance at the beginning of the war. Then there is what we like to think of as the real missing link, the South African ape-men, so unlike the Victorian conception of what an ape-man should look like. With such good material I think it a pity the author, in her reporting, decided she had to write like a reporter. There are too many cheap exclamation marks, and those paragraphs which aren't paragraphs are infuriating.

Dr. Burton's book is also inelegant, though for another reason: his style tends to be loose and careless, and his theorising has a tired look about it. The book is about animals which are not only survivors from the past, like the rest of us, but look as though they ought to have been extinct years ago. They are not only living fossils but very often missing links as well: like Peripatus, which is what an insect would have looked like before it properly was one; or like the monotremes and marsupials, and the commentary they provide on the evolution of the mammals from reptiles. Such odd animals, and their place in zoological classification, are bound to be interesting; in addition Dr. Burton teaches us some surprising things, as that we are now living in the Age of Barnacles. There is the tuatara lizard which only breathes once every seven seconds, and whose eggs take thirteen months to hatch. There is the hardly believable story of how fertilisation takes place in Peripatus, and the account of passenger pigeons in flocks so large that one would obscure the sun in its passage for 14 hours.

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In his explanations of why certain animals survive for such remarkable lengths of time—the lampshell persisting unchanged for 500 million years, for instance—Dr. Burton is not convincing. One may not with propriety compare the life of a species with that of an individual: the analogy looks well, but the hidden factors which are compared are quite dissimilar, and it is not really at all helpful to say that the evolutionary resurgence of the Equidæ "looks very like the apparent juvenescence which comes to some individuals in late middle age." There are better reasons, however, for reading this book: one such is the chapter on Monsters, which are always fun. Among the tatzelwurms and the nandi bears, a convincing explanation is put forward of just what the Loch Ness monster is. But then, I've never seen it.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

SWEET AND SOUR

The Verse of Hilaire Belloc. Edited by W. N. ROUGHEAD. *Nonesuch Press.* 42*s.*

Saying something in verse and writing a poem are two different things. The better you are at the first, the more unlikely it is that you will do well at the second. The objection to verse is that it is the enemy of poetry. Belloc was an accomplished writer of verse; he could say things in rhyme in a telling and memorable way.

Life is a long discovery, isn't it?
You only get your wisdom bit by bit.
If you have luck you find in early youth
How dangerous it is to tell the Truth;
And next you learn how dignity and peace
Are the ripe fruits of patient avarice.
You find that middle life goes racing past.
You find despair: and, at the very last,
You find as you are giving up the ghost
That those who loved you best despised you most.

Discovery is better than many of the more hackneyed epigrams, and it has feeling as well as wit. It disturbs by its tone or accent as much as by its truth, or part-truth. But it is still not poetry, but thinking in verse.

Can we discover a poet in Belloc by going further back? The 1938 edition of his poems went into seven impressions in nine years. They must have been very widely read. Among the early pieces in the book is much of this sort:

The wind is shouting from the hills of morning,
  I do remember and I will not stay.
I'll take the Hampton road without a warning
  And get me clean away.

This is not the writing of a poet; it is, like much of Belloc's serious verse, simply the poetics of the Georgian movement. The poetics of that period are no better—indeed, perhaps worse—than those of today. They are concerned with stock emotions expressed in stock language; the generative impulse is purely verbal. Open any magazine today that prints poems and you will find examples of contemporary wastelandism, but at least some thought has gone to structure and choice of language. Open any Georgian anthology and you will find examples of this hearty get-me-upism, facilely expressed in the language of beauty and self-congratulation. Neither here nor in Belloc's neo-Preraphaelite religious verse can we discover a poet.

We turn to the light verse. This is always so much a matter of taste that is it difficult for a critic to say why his preferences are better than anyone else's. Light verse, particularly if its subjects are political, dates quickly; and so do fashions in lampooning. The *Lines to a Don* which made us chuckle in our adolescence may now raise no more than a reminiscent smile. So too do things like:

I'm tired of Love: I'm still more tired of Rhyme.
But Money gives me pleasure all the time.

The sort of surprise this elicited when it first appeared has been blunted by the much more ruthless candour of our own times.

The accursèd power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne and
    Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign:
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women and Cham-
    pagne).

This, *On a General Election,* is trenchant, and in certain moods one can applaud it; but it is outmoded in the sense that Belloc's hatred of parliamentary democracy has been outmoded by the success of its enemies.

In his polite, more romantic epigrams, according to a recent reviewer, Belloc raised the level of light verse to new heights. I doubt it. There is little progress in doing well what was done perfectly by Herrick or Prior. Perhaps, after all, the best of Belloc as a verse writer is to be found in the *Books of Beasts* and in the *Cautionary Tales.*

Was he a great satirist? To be great—that is, to outlast its occasion—satire must arise from passion, but Belloc's satirical anger is only the obverse of his sentimentality. Sentiment is to emotion as verse is to poetry; the one may nourish and stabilise the other, but if it gets a hold it becomes an enemy.

Belloc may have permanent value as an historian. I am not historian enough to know; he will, perhaps, have recurrent interests as a controversialist of vigour, and even power; but I am inclined to think that sentimentality was bound up with his view of life, perhaps because he knew he was defending illogical positions. Sentimentality turned sour accounts for the savagery of some of his later prose—his book on Queen Elizabeth, for instance. The kind of praise which one can give his verse at present seems to me to be the kind that damns; I think it is better to honestly damn. This book, beautifully produced though it is, and already, I understand, over-subscribed, is largely unreadable. Monumental is perhaps the word for it, if we remember that monuments can be tasteful and unpretentious. Its title is deliberate, and in criticising Belloc's work it is right to point out that he never called his own verse poetry.

JAMES REEVES

THINKERS AND THOUGHTS

European Thought in the 18th Century. By PAUL HAZARD. *Hollis & Carter.* 35*s.*

Politics and Opinion in the Nineteenth Century. By JOHN BOWLE. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Civilisation produces leisure; and leisure, as Veblen pointed out, produces Conspicuous Waste. Sport, sophisticated cooking, high play at the gambling table—all are ways of running through the social surplus. But nothing has consumed human time and energy more than Thought—thought on religion, on existence, on political obligation, on thought itself. The great Thinkers have dominated the last two centuries; secular preachers, seeking something to preach. We begin by being edified and instructed; we go on to be entertained; finally we weary of this torrent of speculation. No wonder that our present-day thinkers write off all their predecessors and condemn them for seeking something that can never be found—answers to questions that should never be asked. For what is a philosopher? A man who supposes that he can discover the secrets of the universe and the rules for human behaviour by contemplating his navel. Alas, each of us has different thoughts when engaged in this endless occupation.

The works of Thinkers are at least redeemed by human personality. Each of them reveals an individual man, more or less interesting. But books about Thinkers bring them to us second-hand, with most of the personality evaporated.

The authors must themselves have genius if their books are to be tolerable. Otherwise one murmurs: "must the line stretch on to the crack of doom?" Paul Hazard has almost enough zest and vision to do the trick, though they are difficult to capture fully in translation. His previous book on the period 1680-1715 was called *The European Mind*; and he is really concerned to recreate the mental process of a community, not to catalogue individuals. He treats European Thought in the early eighteenth century as a unity, moving from an attack on Christianity to a belief in the Heavenly City in this life. But this system never existed in reality. Some men remained Christians; some stuck halfway to Deism; only a few made the full philosophic progress. Hazard's method makes him push aside Thinkers who do not fit into his pattern and treat with exaggerated importance writers who happen to be going in the right direction. Moreover, he concentrates on French writers, despite occasional references to English and Italians. But France was no longer the centre of the thinking world, except in the Paris *salons*; and his book gives a distorted picture of Europe. Kingsley Martin and Carl Becker have handled the same theme better; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that this book is a brilliant failure, despite its scholarship and exuberance.

Mr. Bowle is less brilliant, though he does his best to enliven proceedings in the footnotes. His title promises great things—how the doctrines of the Thinkers were translated into practical opinion. But none of this comes out. Politics and Opinion turn out to be two names for the same thing—the speculations of Thinkers all over again. Unlike Paul Hazard, Mr. Bowle has an axe to grind. He believes that the Welfare State, incorporated into the World Community as preached by Lionel Curtis, is the way that humanity ought to be going. Any Thinker who anticipated this gets a pat on the back; any Thinker who pointed in a different direction gets an opprobrious epithet. The unwary would conclude that Marx, Treitschke, or Georges Sorel, were merely being wrong-headed. And it is of course difficult for the tolerant to see any sense in the intolerant, difficult for the softs to sympathise with the hards. But perhaps the mass of humanity do not share this outlook. Anyone who plods through Mr. Bowle's book will acquire a nodding acquaintance with the sages of the nineteenth century. But, if we are to have Thinkers at all, it is probably more rewarding to read their books than to read about them.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

FACTS FOR DIGESTION

The Communication of Ideas: A Study of Contemporary Influences on Urban Life. By T. CAUTER and J. S. DOWNHAM. *Chatto & Windus.* 35*s*.

I have seldom seen a more attractively produced sociological work. The paper and type are delightful, the illustrations and diagrams apt and clear. The writing, too, is lucid and remarkably free from the awkward neologism and turn of phrase beloved by social scientists, while the first two hundred pages contain a great deal of information.

Here the catalogue of virtues must give way to more critical analysis. Taking first things first, the title must be questioned. If this book could have helped us to understand the psychological and social mechanisms by which ideas were communicated and in the process perhaps modified or transformed, it would have been invaluable. But it has not only failed to contribute to the subject; it has virtually nothing to do with it. The greater part consists simply of an account of how a representative 3,000 inhabitants of Derby spend their spare time. Their habits in relation to pubs, clubs, church, hobbies, travel, cinema, wireless and TV, are examined and we learn many interesting things, for example, that the chief pub-going age is between 25 and 34, and that owners of TV sets spend less time than non-owners on cinema, church, hobbies, books and virtually all other interests. But this book would only begin to have real value and to live up to the pretensions of its title, if it tried to assess how people's thought and behaviour were affected by the ideas they came across through pub or radio or cinema.

The authors rightly believe it is important to know the extent to which people lay themselves open to various types of influence, but what they have given us is simply rather elementary social-survey stuff, with little attempt at interpretation. It is unfortunate that when the authors finally embark on sociological theory, it has not much to do with what one might have expected to be the main theme of the book. They define an "Index of Intercommunication" which is simply a means of scoring the extent to which people go to church, the cinema, etc., and pass on to a consideration of social class and status which they believe to depend on the occupation of the head of the household. Finally, these things are drawn together to show that the higher the status, the greater the accessibility to various media for communicating ideas.

Some valid points are certainly made in these arguments, but too many questions are begged and the background data have been used too uncritically for any convincing theory to emerge, except a confirmation of things we knew already, *e.g.*, that professional people, for instance, read more and travel more than unskilled labourers. A research student who had written in this vein could have got his Ph.D. after a rather sticky viva, but he would have called his thesis "The relations between leisure activities and occupation in an urban area," and the examiners would have known just what to expect.

Books like this create something of a problem. Sociology is not just a matter of carrying out surveys, but of using the findings of surveys to develope concepts about the structure and functioning of the human group, and then of carrying out further investigations designed to test these concepts. The survey tradition so honourably established by Booth and Rowntree has served its purpose, and part of its purpose was to enable us to move beyond the facts to the meaning of the facts. This book, whose authors apparently are statistically trained market research experts, is largely a continuation of the Rowntree type of survey. It tells us what people do, but gives us no idea as to why, and does not provide us with the data to form our own hypotheses. The information given is interesting, but interest-value is not enough. It would be most unfortunate if this type of work, whatever its individual excellence, were to be considered as representative of modern sociology.

To be fair to the authors, it is likely that they fall uncomfortably between two stools. Since this book was written for the Readers Digest Association, they were probably compelled to tone down the technicalities, but that being so, they should have avoided certain topics. Incidentally, they no doubt also felt constrained to play down their statistical expertise, for there is little analysis of data beyond adding and multiplying and working out percentages—a welcome, if in this case unsatisfactory, relief from the normal practices of statisticians let loose on sociology.

ADAM CURLE

PUPPETS OR HEROES ?

Burma Under the Japanese. By THAKIN NU. Edited and translated by J. S. FURNIVALL. *Macmillan.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

When the first Japanese bombs fell on Mandalay in February, 1942, British Civil Defence officials reported that "the palaces of the ancient Kings of Burma . . . and the Upper Burma Club were damaged." But political prisoners who then helplessly overcrowded Mandalay Central Jail reacted quite differently. Thakin Nu, imprisoned for political activities in the "Patriotic Front," describes how some of them "tore off their shirts and waved a welcome; they sang and danced and clapped their hands, and shouted and turned somersaults" rejoicing that the sooner the English had to leave the sooner they would be out of jail. In villages near Mandalay old and young alike were in a state of great excitement; some were laden with fruits, some had bowls of rice on their heads and some danced around distributing sprigs of eugenia. They all believed the messages, thrown down from aeroplanes and broadcast, that the Japanese were coming to help Burma.

Disillusionment came very quickly. Village people who greeted the Japanese as allies were rebuffed. Japanese soldiers took all the rice and curry they were offered and took the bowls as well. And from then onwards, Thakin Nu writes, "the news spread like wildfire from one village to another that the Japanese were a tough crowd."

Although many Burmans quickly changed their views of the Japanese as liberators, they did not wish for a return of British rulers, who, in retrospect, appeared far more kindly as human beings and much more just as administrators. The Japanese, like the British, promised independence, but they postponed it again and again and until August, 1942, all that they allowed Burma was a Preparatory Committee and, even then, for another year it was a Government frankly subordinate to the Japanese Command. At this point Burma was granted nominal independence, with Dr. Ba Maw as Adipati, or Dictator.

British newspapers and official statements almost invariably referred to those Burmans who became Ministers as "puppet rulers," "renegades," "elements accessible to the skilful seduction of Japanese agents" or sometimes quite simply as "traitors." The particular value of *Burma Under the Japanese* is that it lets us into the secret, as it were, of the lives of those men and women who were so irresponsibly labelled "puppets" by the West and saluted as heroes by their own countrymen. From the earliest days of Japanese occupation, nationalist leaders organised resistance; some of them printed and

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distributed anti-Japanese leaflets, others established contacts with the British in India and with the Chinese. They all knew that they were taking dangerous risks, and Thakin Nu makes no bones about his own fears of the Kempetai, with their unpleasant habits of twisting testicles and pulling out finger-nails. The Japanese themselves were clumsy, arrogant, and blindly unaware of Burmese psychology. They could not otherwise have made the major error of trying to humiliate Burmans by treating them as children. British experience should have demonstrated the folly of such tactics.

Burma Under the Japanese is a sincere account of the conflicts which faced Nationalist leaders. Mr. J. S. Furnivall's translation brings out the poetical quality of Thakin Nu's writing; he also contributes an excellent Introduction. In many gently amusing anecdotes of Japanese overbearance, from the Commander-in-Chief and the Ambassador to the Domei correspondent and the traffic policeman, the author reveals the day-by-day contacts between Burmese Nationalists and those whom they were plotting to overthrow. He had the complete confidence of widely different and individualistic leaders; General Aung San, magnetic and impatient; Thakin Than Tun, the ruthless man of action; Dr. Ba Maw, vainglorious, capricious, but never a puppet. In the crises which Burma has faced since 1947, the assassination of Aung San and other leaders, the rebellion of the Communists and Karens, this quality of inspiring confidence combined with a profound integrity have made Thakin Nu a great Prime Minister. He was, and is, a dreamer and an artist. In one of many personal stories he describes his longing to be a writer. Almost all his love letters to a college friend, he says, were written in the form of plays, and he used to joke with his Communist friend Thakin So that when he became the Lenin of Burma he himself would be the Maxim Gorki.

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The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes. By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE and JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Any tendency towards uppishness on the part of sophisticated readers of detection will be scotched after perusing *The Lying Voices.* Miss Ferrars has been writing very respectably in this field for many years; and we have learned to approach her work cautiously, yet without actual fear. But on this occasion she defies us to solve her murders as openly and confidently as ever did Mrs. Christie: and the challenge, to judge by my own case, is abominably successful. Admittedly the solution taps depths of wickedness one can hardly credit, but it is not beyond reach of the imagination provided one is prepared to allow that faculty full play. The plot cannot be given in detail: it starts in an English county town with the shooting of an artistic sort of gentleman in his studio surrounded with clocks one rainy afternoon. After that all the characters launch out into a sea of lies; and as, without exception, they are all shifty and unpleasant, there is nothing to choose between one liar and another. Any reader wishing to be directed to more profitable fields of research should notice the vagaries of the weather, keep an eye on the clocks and give some thought to the dog. Above all, he should never try to skip Miss Ferrars's chatty paragraphs, which hide a multitude of revealing clues in their apparently girlish simplicity.

The Narrowing Circle treads familiar ground. The hero has a pair of murders pinned on him, and must absolve himself by locating the real criminal one jump ahead of the police: his salvation can only be achieved by great exertions and in a breathless monologue. This predicament usually occurs in America, where a punch on the nose seems to be the best method of argument and punctuation marks are limited to commas and full stops. Mr. Symons does his best to strike the same *tempo* in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street; but his hero only manages to collect one black eye and a flesh-wound in the shoulder in our more temperate climate; and his syntax, I am glad to say, remains impeccable throughout his misadventures. As a background there is an amusing account of shady doings behind the imposing facade of a huge publishing concern. The reader's detective ability, however, is not severely taxed: the villain is a sitting target not even a beginner should miss.

A New York street urchin jumps on to the running board of a car, stopped by traffic lights, to earn a quick dime by cleaning the windscreen: the woman-driver silently frames the words "Help, get a cop" with her lips at him, before her companion nudges her, the lights turn green and she drives on. The boy thinks it more profitable to get Nero Wolfe, and next day is killed for his pains at the same crossing by the very same car. This intriguing start of *The Golden Spiders* may whet the appetite; but the case catches Mr. Stout in one of his less subtle moods. Ratiocination is neglected for sheer leg-work by Archie Goodwin and a posse of hirelings: gangsters put in an unwanted appearance, bringing along their sadistic box of tricks: and (worst of all) the case would have fared far better in the hands of the police. The boy should have got a cop, when the lady asked him.

A plethora of Welsh names in *Welcome Death* may dispirit a mere Anglo-Saxon before he even begins to grapple with the tortuous convolutions of the plot. When Evan Morgan is killed, there are no fewer than ten suspects to choose from. Is it a Davies, a Thomas, a Morris or just another Morgan who has done the job? Mr. Daniel has distributed motive and opportunity so lavishly that he might have thrown in a plan of the village and a timetable with advantage and cut out the superfluity of local colour. Given monumental patience, the reader can solve the case for himself, but as a chess-problem it would rank as a difficult four-mover.

After wrestling with this Welsh imbroglio it is a relief to sink back on the cushions of a New York night-club and speculate on how to slip past the double-bass unnoticed if you want to murder a dancer back-stage, and where you would hide the incriminating photographs in a hurry. If Mr. Ernst surprises you with his version, so much the better. *The Bronze Mermaid* is a neat, unpretentious little item, well-written at top speed in an astringent idiom appropriate to the sardonic hero who is trying to chase after stolen diamonds and at the same time court a pretty girl without losing his composure.

In *The Black Italian* we are transported from any resemblance of reality into the fairyland of international crooks, where girls are killed in Chelsea for what they know, Field-Marshals go birdwatching, Eve Gill gets some shooting practice on her ancestral lawn and no nonsense is barred. Mr. Jepson introduces a few moments of excitement to justify reading the book as an out-and-out shocker, but he can write no more luscious twaddle of this sort if he values his reputation as a serious contributor to detection.

The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes have been concocted by Conan Doyle's son in collaboration with Mr. Dickson Carr, as an extension of his father's work. The pastiche of Victorian narrative style is most convincing; Holmes and Watson speak and act in character; the traditional Baker Street properties are on display. "They use the snaffle and the curb all right, but where's the bloody horse?" The feebleness of the plots arouses only the dimmest echo of the great master.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

ART IN THE MARKET-PLACE

The City of Man. By CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD. *Architectural Press.* 50*s.*

Although written to impress American rather than English opinion, this energetic and wittily illustrated book contains ideas which are of interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The author's main object is the rehabilitation of "the power of art" in town planning and civic design. He disposes of the "planner" as a pretentious jack-of-all-trades and would have the construction and reconstruction of cities dealt with by an administrative manager to whom a "research analyst" on the one hand and a "creative designer" on the other are responsible. The analyst and his staff are to do the facts-and-figures stuff while the designer is to be concerned solely with the creation of a beautiful city. On what constitutes a beautiful city Professor Tunnard is reasonably explicit. He glances back to the era of "The Grand Design," to Rome of the seventeenth century and Paris of the eighteenth, and would persuade us that there is no reason (public indifference apart) why equivalent glories should not be achieved in the United States. Housing projects and industrial complexes have already reached the requisite scale and unity of organisation; they could be classically planned and enriched by the arts of the painter and sculptor. Why should not America, with her vital (if sometimes bizarre) tradition of idealist and mercantile Utopias, parallel the achievements of Louis XIV and Colbert?

Professor Tunnard presents his thesis with considerable originality and something of a prophetic flourish. He even writes of "the coming revolution in architecture," rather as if some entrenched academy of Functionalism existed which would have to be undermined—an improbable situation in any country and most improbable, surely, in America. Is it not, one would like to ask, simply a question of withdrawal from some of the doctrinaire idiocies of the Thirties to a more realistic position? Professor Tunnard shows himself a realist in many acute observations on city life and the urban scene; but some of his ideas overshoot the mark so far as to land him in a sentimentalism as distressing as that of the bare-bone school which he despises. Nevertheless, his book leaves one pondering at least one thoroughly concrete proposition. Art in this century has become inexorably departmentalised—in the art-school, the studio, the gallery. It is not, as the saying goes, "integrated with life." That being so, why not accept the situation and intensify it? Stop dreaming of impossible sculptor-engineers and sociologist-architects. Take the Art Department for what it is, magnify its potentialities, drag it into the market-place and *make it work*. There, to be sure, is realism—of a sort.

JOHN SUMMERSON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Yield to the Night. By JOAN HENRY. *Gollancz. 9s. 6d.*

A term in prison, however brief, is an enormous experience, about which the rest of the world is flinchingly curious. To write about it, if you can, must be a compelling impulse, and the subject being what it is, there will always be readers. Miss Henry, in *Who Lie in Jail,* has already described her own short taste of Holloway and Borstal: she has now attempted something infinitely more ambitious—a first-person, stream-of-consciousness novel about the last three weeks of a woman condemned to death. This is so difficult an undertaking that it is not surprising if it does not quite succeed. The attempt is serious, fairly imaginative, honourably unsensational; but the difficulties are just too much for the author's capacity. She has not, fortunately, been through the experiences of her heroine, which end on the scaffold; she has made a courageous attempt to imagine them; she has drawn a convincing picture of the three-weeks-long nightmare of the condemned cell, in a frame of everyday detail fascinating to read; but she has not sounded that tolling note of doom implicit in her theme. One reads the book, certainly, from cover to cover, with a morbid eagerness to know what happens next; but the most gripping page is not Miss Henry's; it is the long quotation from the memorandum on executions prepared by the Home Office with which she prefaces her last chapter. The heroine and her murder are much less real than this. The problem of inventing a murder which will convince (bad enough to account for no reprieve, no recommendation to mercy) and yet not quite alienate the reader's sympathy, has proved insoluble.

As it is, there is much to recommend the book. The prison officers, with their boring chat and games of patience, the embarrassed chaplain, the tenacious prison visitor, are sketched with quiet perception. One does get the feeling that life in the condemned cell, like life in the sick-room, is a complete thing, from which the world outside mysteriously falls away, leaving the central figure in a ferment of new relationships, intense as brief. The situation is intolerable for all; all are involved in a conspiracy of guilt, and make fruitless efforts, as in a nightmare, to break the spell, some with cheerfulness, some with kindness, some even with love.

The Vengeance of the Gods. By REX WARNER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The hold the Greek myths have had over our minds since the Renaissance has been partly due to the tellers of them. Racine would not have used Phædra nor Sartre Iphigenia if they had not been fascinated by Euripides's plays about them. And where would Agamemnon be without Homer? There is also in the stories themselves a truth to the actual behaviour of Europeans in the past three thousand years—predatory, cruel, revengeful but aware that violence is wrong and that reconciliation and peace are what really matter. These myths are a large and complicated world. It was always a fiction that "everyone knows them." So Mr. Warner's plan for telling them all is a very good one. He does it well, using a style and vocabulary so clear and simple that he might be writing specially for children.

"In her dream she hurried out of the house and saw all the roof falling in; only one pillar, the central pillar, remained standing and from the head of this pillar there seemed to come streams of yellow hair, while the pillar itself spoke with a human voice." Not a beautiful prose, but spare and decisive and wonderfully effective for the teller of strange things. In an age which seems to do best with material, whether wood or stone or words, when it leaves it plain, it is a good style, though one can't imagine any great pleasure in having it by heart.

This particular book is mainly devoted to the myths as they were told in some of the plays of Euripides. That the plots of plays should make a moving and exciting entertainment is a pretty large tribute to the power of the Greek playwright and the skill of a twentieth-century poet.

The Indifferent Horseman : The Divine Comedy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By MAURICE CARPENTER. *Elek.* 25*s.*

"Indifferent horseman"? Yeats's perhaps—

> Cast a cold eye
> On life, on death.
> Horseman, pass by!

Not at all. When Coleridge was a dragoon, his superior, it seems, described him as an "indifferent horseman." And this, forsooth, is selected as the most significant facet of the poet's personality, to be highlighted in the title! It is fair to say that there is nothing else in the book quite so foolish as this. But it is carelessly written ("He met Schlegel, of whom he had been accused of plagiarism in his lectures"), and has been very carelessly read in proof. What is more serious is that no "new interpretation" of any sort is offered (the crazy title is perhaps an attempt to conceal this), and as a result, especially in the first half of the book, there is no seeing the wood for the trees. In so far as the trees in question are often Coleridge's own—there are very generous quotations from his letters—they are often worth looking at. But the lack of any direction or informing purpose is painfully obvious, and makes, for instance, the chapters on his tours in Wales, in Germany, and in Scotland, very tedious indeed.

There would be no need to say more, except for Mr. Carpenter's poem "To S.T.C. on his 179th Birthday," which appears half-way through the book. This has appeared elsewhere already; and rough-hewn and loose-jointed though it is, it contains some powerful concentrations of imagery which penetrate far deeper into the significance of Coleridge and into the nature of the poetic vocation, than any of the prose-writing. It is chiefly concerned with the famous "failure of inspiration," and it seems as if this may have been what first interested Mr. Carpenter in his subject, for he is most interesting and his treatment is most sympathetic when he deals with the years when Coleridge acknowledged this failure in himself. He is also worth reading on the non-literary sources of *Kubla Khan*, in Somersetshire folk-lore and the "eight square miles of artificially fertile ground" at Hafod, inspected on the Welsh tour—a useful corrective, this, to Elisabeth Schneider's recent book on the poem. But for the most part this is a headlong, undependable work, redeemed only in part by generous intentions.

Her-Bak. By ISHA SCHWALLER DE LUBICZ. Trans. C. E. SPRAGUE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Mme Isha Schwaller de Lubicz believes that "the science revealed by Egyptian monuments . . . is a knowledge of the causal laws by which Nature reveals symbolic forms," but that "the teaching of the ancient masters cannot be transmitted in theoretical formulas." She has therefore sought to recreate the mental atmosphere of ancient Egypt in an historical novel, which describes stages in the education of an Egyptian seer. Her-Bak, the hero, is introduced as "Chick-Pea," a poor farmer's boy; at the end of the book he is received into the sacred presence of Pharaoh as "falcon face" or "the face of Horus"—the manifold pun upon his name is typical, and apparently

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472 pages. *12s. 6d. net.*
HAMISH HAMILTON

charged with significance. In the attractive opening episodes, Chick-Pea learns the secrets of nature from his painful cultivation of the soil; he is then introduced to the various mysteries of craftsmanship; lastly, he becomes a neophyte in the Outer Temple, exhausts and outgrows its scholastic teaching, and enters the final stage of his search for the Truth about the Gods. This stage of esoteric enlightenment is to be recounted in a further volume, whose commentaries will give a fuller exposition of Egyptian symbolism.

Throughout the book excellent illustrations quicken the reader's appreciation; but the literary form adopted is not wholly satisfactory, for the weaknesses of semi-creative fiction and semi-philosophical dialogue are accentuated in translation, and some of the teachings of the ancient masters seem to contain distracting echoes from more recent western moralists. Yet the author's great learning, her sympathetic participation in the outlook of a vanished civilisation, and her vivid imagination are always intriguing; and the stimulating "documentary appendix," with its admirable key to heiroglyphic writing, will be a lasting delight to the intelligent museum visitor.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,270

Set by Denis Dymchurch

Mr. Walter de la Mare has remarked that many essentially beautiful and evocative words have missed their vocations (Linoleum, for instance, ought to be a charming old Mediterranean seaport). Competitors are asked for 10 lines of verse in which more appropriate meanings are given to such wasted words. Entries by July 6.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,267

Set by Junius

Competitors are invited to imagine that the close wartime collaboration of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Attlee as Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister has extended to their literary undertakings: and to provide an account (in not more than 150 words) of Omdurman or Yalta as written by Mr. Attlee, *or* Sir Winston's paragraphs on Toynbee Hall or the fight for Municipal Electricity Undertakings in Greater London.

Report by Junius

Lieutenant Attlee at Omdurman won hands down as the majority choice. Though no one managed to improve on the splendid mediocrity of the ex-P.M.'s own record, the entry as a whole produced some good approximations. I particularly liked Berin Hill's "When the campaign was over I was able to relieve the monotony of garrison life by taking an interest in the rehabilitation of the Dervishes": also, Erica Scott's opening progressive ploy:

> Neither Wells nor Shaw, nor, for that matter, either of the Webbs, was, as far as I know, actually present at Omdurman, but it is interesting to speculate as to how matters might have gone had their sobering influence not already been having its effect on the conduct of our affairs. But for this small, but influential, band of workers there might well have been a repetition of the debacle at Balaclava . . . .

Sir Winston presented far greater difficulties, and no one really surmounted them, though Colin Prestige gets a prize for a neat piece of dodging. Sir Winston may be orotund as a writer but he is never garrulous. Most of his imitators soon found themselves up to the neck in a morass of parentheses and relative clauses, or fell back on unconvincing mimicry. Two guineas each to Finlay P. Murdoch and Colin Prestige and a guinea each to G. J. Blundell and Edward Blishen

MR. ATTLEE ON YALTA

The Yalta Conference rather reminded me of our own Labour Party Conferences, except that it was considerably warmer. My wife always drove me to the Lavidia Palace, where the meetings took place, and as the streets were cleared she had no difficulty in keeping to the right-hand side. Stalin, however, seemed to take it for granted that we were always accustomed to having the streets cleared for us, which showed how little he understood the English character. His habit of scribbling vigorously on a pad with a red pencil made me think of my old English master, who believed any boy could be taught to write well by the liberal use of a cane. Mr. Roosevelt, however, looked tired throughout the meetings. Unlike the others he appeared to eat very little, and I remarked to my wife that I did not think he was long for this world—a prophecy which was fully justified.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

From Appendix 13.

Pr.m.-M.n.st.r to L.rd Pr.vy S..l. 3 Apr 19—

When I had lunch with the King on Tuesday, he was concerned over the Alabaster [Municipal Electricity] controversy. Pray let me have a short report before Monday's Cabinet.

2. You should know that 'separate' is spelt with two e's and two a's.

F.rm.r N.v.l P.rs.n to Pr.s.d.nt. 4 Apr 19—

Anthony will tell Harry why we are expanding Porcupine. Alex is strongly in favour of these pin-pricks.

2. Alabaster is troublesome, but we shall call on U. J.'s practical experience.

Pr.m.-M.n.st.r to M.n.st.r .f S.pply. 5 Apr 19—

What steps are being taken to expedite the infantry's winter delivery of footwear? Remember that men who die with their boots clean should not be asked to die of cold feet.

* * *

Pr.m.-M.n.st.r to L.rd Pr.vy S..l. 31 Dec 19—

The successful outcome of Alabaster is a credit to your patience and tact. COLIN PRESTIGE

MR. ATTLEE AT OMDURMAN

Looking back to the day of the Battle of Omdurman, I seem to recall that, so far as I personally was concerned, the day was very much like any other. I was writing in my tent, I remember, when a runner came in with the news that the enemy were approaching. I looked out, and saw a good deal of skirmishing going on in the middle distance; and very soon we were the centre of one of those *mêlées* that are usually described as confused. There was what seemed some rather aimless cavalry charging going on. One horseman cannoned into my tent and knocked it down.

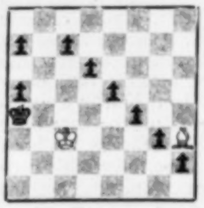
Toward the end of the skirmish, the iron tip of a spear grazed my shoulder. I remember thinking that the iron probably came from Birmingham. The fighting soon died down, and I set up my tent and went on with my despatches. G. J. BLUNDELL

It was then, if I remember correctly, that the rather interesting battle of Omdurman took place. Lord Kitchener was, of course, an excellent engineer. I believe he himself found the battle of considerable interest. Certainly it was an interesting experience for most of the men concerned. I noted at the time that the organisation was really excellent. This of course, from my point of view, added to the interest of the occasion. I have always had what I sometimes describe as a weakness for organisation. It may interest my readers if I mention that Omdurman itself is a quite interesting place. It is, as I remember noting, close to Khartoum. One might say, I believe, without being unduly emphatic, that the enemy were put to some disadvantage in a battle that at no time fell short of being interesting. EDWARD BLISHEN

CHESS: The Derby Winner and the Bishop

No. 247.

That inveterate ladder-hero A. J. Roycroft who seems to keep a complete file of the column reminds me that on May 20, 1950, in a piece headlined "Never Say Die" I forecast this year's Derby winner; further and incontrovertible evidence of my prescience being the fact that in the competition report of that date, four years ago, I cunningly employed terms such as "Leading the field neck to neck" and "Saviour of lost causes." On the day of the Derby, alas, I forgot to remember; but I hope that Roycroft backed my winner and that next year he will send me a more timely reminder of any useful little hint of mine. Meanwhile, he as well as K. Beaumont took me to task about the desirability in a B and P ending to put one's pawns on squares immune from the opponent's B. (See No. 243). They say, it depends on the position, and how right they are. If I may quote Beachcomber it just goes to prove (if proof were needed) that in Chess one should generalise even less than generally.



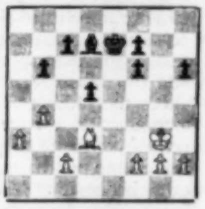
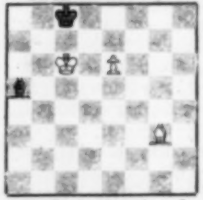


Diagram L., e.g., is a "book ending" where all those pawns, just because they are so perfectly immune can make no headway after B-Q7 ch, followed by B-B6. And here—Beni-Prameshuber, Vienna 1954—is a position in which White wins, not so much on account of the immunity enjoyed by his own pawns nor even—not much at any rate—on account of the lack of immunity suffered by the opponent's pawns, but rather because of the greater mobility of his own K and B. Hence his ability to cramp the opponent's movements more and more and finally to put him in *zugzwang*. But Black, no doubt, asked for trouble, not so much by putting up an ineffective "stonewall" on the White (i.e., the wrong) squares, but by weakening himself decisively on the Black squares. As will be seen it was White's access to the vital square e5 that decided the game. Here is how it proceeded :—

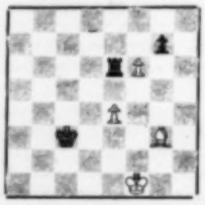
(26)		P-KB4?	(34)	P-Kt5 ch	P x P
(27)	K-B4	K-B3	(35)	P x P ch	K-K2
(28)	P-QB3	P-Kt4	(36)	K-K5	B-K3
(29)	P-KR4	P-B3	(37)	P-R4!	P x P
(30)	P-B3	B-B1	(38)	B x P	B-Q2
(31)	B-B2	B-Q2	(39)	B-B2	B-R6
(32)	P-Kt4	P x P	(40)	B-Q3	B-Q2
(33)	P x P	B-B1	(41)	B-B5!	resigns

A: Giambattista Lolli. *Circa* 1765.

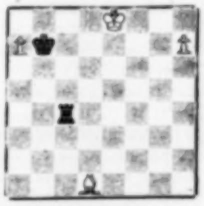


The 4-pointer should be facilitated for beginners by the useful hint that White, while quite able to mate in four moves should beware of a clever stalemate trap set up by Black. This is one of the pieces collected in Lolli's famous *Centuria di Partiti*. Some benignly shrewd bishops also appear in B and C, both wins for White and none too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively.

B : Prokes 1947



C : Wotava 1950



Usual prizes. Entries by July 5.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 244. Set June 5

A: (1) Kt-R4 ch, K-K4 ch. (2) Kt(2)-B3 ch, Kt x Kt ch. (3) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P ch. (4) Kt-B3 ch, Kt x Kt ch. (5) P-Q4 ch, Kt x P ch. (6) B-B4 mate.

B: (1) B-R2 ch, R x B. (2) Kt-K2 ch, K x Kt. (3) P-Kt4 ch, K-K3.

C: (1) Kt-R6, followed by R-check on g8, f8, e8, d8 respectively.

D: (1) P-QKt8 = Kt ch, R x Kt. (2) RP x Kt = Kt ch, K-Q3. (3) P-QB8 = Kt ch, K-K3. (4) P-Q8 = Kt ch, B x Kt. (5) P x B = Kt ch, K-B3. (6) P-Kt8 = Kt ch, Q x Kt. (7) P x Q = Kt ch, R x Kt. (8) P x R = Kt mate.

E: (1) P-QB8 = B ch, K-R4. (2) P-Q8 = B ch, K-R5. (3) P-K8 = B ch, K-R6. (4) P-B8 = B ch, K-R7. (5) P-Kt8 = B ch, K-R8. (6) R-QB1, R x R mate.

F: (1) P-B6, P x P. (2) P-R3, K-Kt4. (3) P-Kt4, P x P. (4) P x P, K-B4. (5) P-Kt5, K-K3. (6) P-Kt6, K-Q3. (7) P-Q5!, P-Kt4. (8) K-R1, P-B4. (9) K-R2, P-Kt5. (10) K-Kt3, P-B5/ch. (11) K-R2.

G: (1) P queens ch, Q x Q. (2) R-K7 ch, Kt x B. (3) R-Q8 ch!, K x R. (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-B1. (5) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt1. (6) Kt-B6 ch, etc.

This was an easy lot, with F and/or G as the only stumbling blocks. Well over a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. Chandra, C. R. Hattersley, B. Lodge, L. J. Jackson ASSIAC

Company Meetings

"SHELL" TRANSPORT & TRADING

Sir Frederick Godber's Speech

The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Ltd., was held on June 16 in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, said: My lords, ladies and gentlemen. Is it your pleasure to take the report and accounts and my statement as read?

I am glad we are once again able to hold our meeting in the hall of this fine building to which such fitting tribute was paid last year by one of our shareholders.

Since my statement went to press, an "investment allowance" has been proposed in the United Kingdom 1954 Finance Bill. This is a welcome innovation. It may not at once provide any great additional incentive to capital investment, in that its effect will be spread over a rather long period; it will, however, be of some assistance to concerns which are committed to a substantial and continuing programme of expansion. In the course of time it should make a valuable contribution to the competitive strength of British industry in world trade. It is to be hoped that the new tax allowance will be adopted and allowed to remain as a permanent feature of the United Kingdom tax system. Frequent changes, such as have occurred, for example, in the system of "initial allowances" can only tend to lessen the beneficial effects which it is the purpose of such allowances to promote.

INTERIM FIGURES

We have had in hand for some time measures which would permit the publication of interim figures of the financial results of the Group, and although interim figures may not be an accurate criterion for a year as a whole, we plan to make available this year a figure of income on a half-yearly basis.

We feel sure that shareholders will welcome the opportunity this will afford them of following more closely the current trading results of the Group.

A suggestion was put forward at our meeting last year that a diagram of expenditure on wages, dividends, etc., should be included with my Statement and I would like to say that although we have not included such a presentation this year, we are bearing it well in mind. It is a fact, however, that the complexity of our Group's world-wide business with the many and varied phases of its operations does not readily lend itself to simplification in diagrammatic form.

IRANIAN OIL DISCUSSIONS

You will, perhaps, be expecting me to tell you something about the progress of the negotiations now proceeding with the object of enabling the flow of Iranian oil into world markets to be resumed. The Oil Company's representatives have already had exploratory talks in Tehran and have recently met their Principals in London for consultation. They will be returning to Iran very shortly. I cannot at this stage of the proceedings give you any particulars of the discussions, nor would it be proper that I do so. There are many problems on each side which are not readily reconcilable but if these are examined patiently in a spirit of mutual understanding I am not without hope that a solution may be found.

I have referred in my Statement to the general situation prevailing in the tanker market. I would now like to mention one particular Agreement which is reported to have been closed recently between an individual tanker owner and a Middle East Government. The Agreement has not been made public, but, in spite of denials, it appears that a virtual, and possibly a complete, monopoly has been created for the transportation by sea of the crude oil produced in this Middle East country. Details have not yet been officially released, but there seems no doubt that we are faced with a flagrant instance of "flag" discrimination and a most serious breach of accepted international maritime practice. An arrangement of this nature, if it becomes effective, is bound to create serious problems in connection with sea transport. Not unnaturally the affair has evoked a storm of indignant protest which we most vigorously endorse.

I now propose "That the report of the directors and the audited balance sheet and revenue statement for the year 1953 be adopted and that a final dividend of 2s per share or £1 Unit of Stock, free of income tax, be paid on the Ordinary Capital on June 30, 1954, to those members whose names were on the register on May 14, 1954, and to holders of Bearer Warrants who surrender Coupon No. 102."

Sir George Legh-Jones, M.B.E., seconded the resolution and it was carried unanimously.

The proposed capitalisation of reserves was approved.

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

DR. ALEXANDER FLECK ON PROPOSED PROFIT-SHARING SCHEME

The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held on June 17 in London.

Dr. Alexander Fleck, the chairman, presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

The sales in 1953 were the highest in our history, and with new plants coming into operation we can confidently look forward to further increases in the years to come.

The net income of the Company for 1953 before appropriations for dividends and reserves was more than £17½ millions. The true profits for 1953 available for appropriation are really better than those of either 1951 or 1952.

The Board's intentions, announced two years ago, of bringing the Ordinary share capital more into line with the true capital employed in the business by the capitalisation of reserves can now be carried out.

Pharmaceutical Industry

In the Annual Report reference is made to the attitude of the Ministry of Health towards the cost of pharmaceuticals required by the National Health Service. Any effort by a Government Department to cut down waste and extravagance is commendable. In this instance, however, there is the serious danger that a rather unintelligent application of quite inappropriate costing methods may damage or even destroy the most vital parts of the pharmaceuticals industry in this country. The danger is that pharmaceutical research may be rendered so unattractive in this country and so unprofitable that this important field of research may be abandoned by one Company after another, and this country may be forced to rely upon the scientific achievements of other countries. Costing principles permitting a very limited percentage of profit on the manufacturing cost of a commodity may no doubt be appropriate and proper in some cases, but I suggest that in the case of drugs which it is decided to produce and which the National Health Service wants, the rigid and unimaginative application of such principles will lead to results that are unfair to the industry.

Nationalisation

The Board remain as firmly as ever opposed to every form of nationalisation of the Company. They keep this subject of the danger of nationalisation under constant consideration and will continue to do so even though the danger may from time to time appear to recede.

Profit-sharing Scheme

The references in the Report and in the Press to the proposed Profit-sharing Scheme for employees will not have escaped your notice.

Any scheme which gave employees a cash sum regularly each year would suffer from the disadvantage that the receipt of the sum would become a normal expectation and would lose the character of profit-sharing. If for any reason the amount had to be reduced or withheld altogether, there would be widespread comments among employees probably suggesting hardship. The Board believe that the Scheme proposed, which puts the net bonus to the credit of the employee in the accounts of Trustees appointed for the purpose, and provides for the issue of a Stock Certificate to the employee himself only when the account reaches a reasonable figure, is more likely to induce employees to retain their holdings of Stock than one in which the shares were issued each year direct to the employees.

We believe that the Scheme which we propose to introduce will play a useful part in bringing management, factory payroll and Stockholders together and in spreading a better understanding of our mutual interests.

The Scheme provides for an increase in the bonus if dividends are increased. Stockholders and employees will thus both share in any increased prosperity which it may be our good fortune to enjoy in future years. They will also have some share in any adversity which we may suffer.

Bonuses under the Scheme are in no way part of the terms and conditions of employment and are not intended to be a substitute for fair wages and conditions.

The Outlook

So far this year the Company has enjoyed, in common with other industries in this country, a period of expansion, and the prospects are in general good. In overseas markets competition is strong, but we believe that we can hold our own and in some directions gain further ground.

The report and accounts were adopted.

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

The Twenty-fifth Annual General Meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on June 21 in London, Mr. Fred. T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (chairman and Joint Managing Director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

Once more I am pleased to be able to report that we have had a successful year, as you will see from the Accounts before you, which show a further increase in profits. I feel this is a very satisfactory result, especially as the year under review has been very difficult and one which has called for a great deal of anxious thought and hard work by all concerned.

The gross profit at £655,569 is another record and shows an increase of £38,683 over the previous year, but after deducting Profits Tax, Excess Profits Levy and Income Tax, totalling £458,779, the net profit is £196,790, which is £14,814 less than the net profit for 1952. This result will help you to appreciate the penal effect of the present level of taxation.

During the year we managed to secure repayment of the remainder of our War Damage Claims as a result of which we received interest amounting to £8,643, which has been credited in the Profit and Loss Account.

After providing for the transfer to General Reserve of £100,000 and the dividends on both the Ordinary and Preference Shares amounting to £97,900, we are left with an unappropriated balance of £121,575 to be carried forward to the current year.

The Revenue Reserves now stand at £800,000 after the transfer of £100,000 from the Profit and Loss Account.

The Report was adopted.

In other words South East Asia—Ceylon. Malaya, Sumatra, Java . . . a never-to-be-forgotten round voyage in the post-war Dutch liner "Willem Ruys", famous for its comfort, service and cuisine, takes 7 weeks, including one week in Java with ample time to visit Bali. For details of this and other offers of

SEA TRAVEL—SEE COOKS

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Not yet visited the new Nu-Swift Fire Protection Centre? Call when you're next in the West End. You'll be very welcome!

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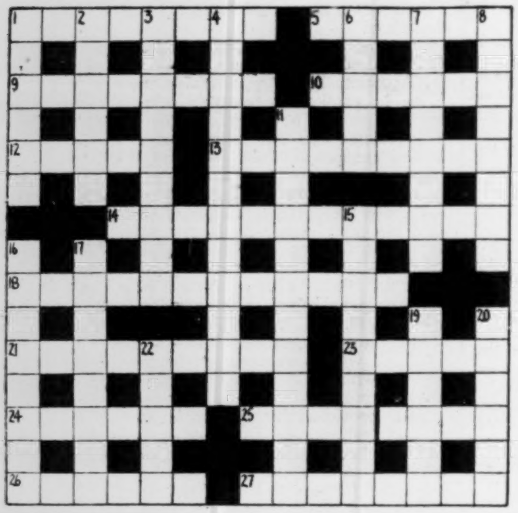
In Every Ship of the Royal Navy

Week-end Crossword No. 106

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 106, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 6



ACROSS

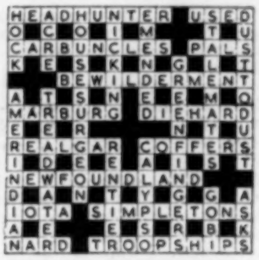
1. Fiery love for a tropical bird (8).
5. Name for a letter with insolence (6).
9. Run on, runner (8).
10. An inaccurate golfer smashes relics (6).
12. Looking back, I bewail the name (5).
13. There is an interval after shameless conduct, followed by mineral—or port (9).
14. Disunited East comes near the end of a welter of sordid gains (12).
18. The mimics return amid applause, although it is grudging (12).
21. Bloodshed when land is given to the people? (9).
23. Fade out in the middle of a fond farewell (5).
24. Those who are good in class suffer a reverse in the examination (6).
25. Local entertainer (4, 4).
26. Noise made by dry leaves; it sounds like a philosopher (6).
27. Gave the cases (8).

DOWN

1. He did Latin and German, a fruitful combination (6).
2. In Catherine's place there is a wild celebration in progress (6).
3. Follies may make it asinine (9).
4. The greedy are about to buy jumpers (12).
6. Game for Henry after he has passed (5).
7. League star embraces the county game (8).
8. Presages the downfall of the left? (8).
11. With a universal grouse G.I.s serve without regard for order when not on the offensive (12).
15. No plainer transformation for a matchless person (9).
16. Remove half of this sword, and you leave a wound mark (8).
17. Americans hide among the communists (8).
19. Complain about in an ancient language (6).
20. Kicked or backed (6).
22. A tribute for an island (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 104



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 104

W. J. Young (Amersham), R. F. Entwistle (Dundee), G. W. Craig (Paris)

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BROOKLANDS Farm, Dallington, Heathfield, Sussex. Comf. living quarters. Farm prod. El. light. log fires. C.H.W. 60 acres. 5½*gns.* wkly. Rushlake Green 32111.

GLORIOUS Devon "Sea View" Guest-house, Woolacombe. Adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Children welcome. Good table. Mod. terms. Mrs. Garness. Tel. 44

CORNWALL (nr. Fowey). Treyarnon, Tywardreath. Overlkg. sea. Brkfst., evng. meal. No gratuities. Highly rec. 5*gns.* Par 2208.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate.—Box 8626.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

YOUR Summer Holidays! A few vacs. now and till Sept. at congenial p./hotel rec. by readers. "Finest all-season climate" (town claim); informative brochures free. 5½-7½*gns.* wkly. incl. full board, early tea, gratuities. Twin beds; h. & c.; Slumberlands, 2 comfortable lounges. No lift. Meat/vegetarian. Normanhurst, sea front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Opp. boating, fishing. own beach tent. Best pos. 3 mile prom., facing full south. Between Pier/Sun Lounge orchestra. Hastings 4784.

ST IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7*gns.* Tel. 286.

SMALL modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel Saltdean, Sussex. 'Phone Rottingdean 2614.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334,

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212), Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Children welcome. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recommended. Write brochure

COME to Sunny Ventnor, I.o.W. The historical Crab & Lobster Hotel offers every comfort, superb cuisine, Continental Chef. Delightful cliff gardens. 8-11*gns.* per week. Write Hotel, Dept. B.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. Perfect for a restful holiday. Every comfort in a charming old-world setting. Directly facing harbour. Safe bathing, magnificent cliff/country walks. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½*gns.* 'Phone 264.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944. 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front. Gdns., Putting Green, Garages. Superlative food. 8-9*gns* weekly, 7*gns.* winter.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6*gns.* George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanwrst 166.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

KINGSDOWN-on-Sea, Nr. Deal, Kent. Blencathra Guest House (R.A.C. Approved), overlkg. golf course, sea; gd. food, own poultry, v. comf. 7*gns.* Kingsdown 225.

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5*gns.* wk. Summer 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater, Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking country. Full board £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London, 6 *gns.* p.w. 6½*gns.* July-Sept. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

COUNTRY Club, Surrey Hills (Abinger 2177), lovely grounds, Anglo-Fr. cuisine. Tennis &c. Special wk-end, 65*s.* Fri. din.-Mon. bkfst. Moxley, Holmbury Hill, Sy.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½*gns.* St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

PORLOCK, Somerset. Halsecombe House, between Exmoor & sea. Friendly Guest House. Good country fare. Garage. Stabling. Pers. attn. Mr. & Mrs Holmes. Tel. 209.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal sitn. Plsant. hol. resort. O'l'kg. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

ST. Leonards-on-Sea Bed & breakfast residential area near sea. Very comfortable. Miss Cave, 5 Boscobel Rd.

CORNWALL. Family holidays, mod. terms, sandy beaches, good food. Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, nr. Penzance. 'Phone St. Buryan 391.

CONNEMARA. Cottage by sea, 4 bedrooms. Atlantic beaches, mountains in background. Good food. Full board £3 10*s.*, children half price. Box 8730.

COTE d'Azur. Limited number paying guests, cntry seaside 20 min Nice. Nature lovers. H. Castillon, St. Laurent-du-Var.

RIVIERA. Visit Matisse Chapelle, stay at nearby Pension Les Charmettes, Vence, A.M. Full board 26*s.* daily, all incl.

BELGIAN Coast: Priv. hotel with glorious sands welcomes British visitors. Homely, family atmosph.; best food; really restful holiday. Mod. terms. "Les Mouettes," Digue de Mer, 6, Wenduine. (10 mls. Ostende.)

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5*s.* from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

JULY "Labour Monthly"—out this week-end. R. P. D. on The Washington Talks; "Guatemala" (Andrew Boyd); "Geneva" (Quaestor); "Unpublished Lenin Documents" (First translation); "Negro History" (Wm. Gallacher); "New Magazines and All That" (H. Smith); and "The Engineers' Pay" (H. Howarth). 1*s.* 6*d.* all agts. Or 9*s.* half year's sub. fr. 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

POSTBOX Prescriptions, or "What Falls Thro' the Doctor's Letterbox"—a startling article among many in the current number of "The Farmer," also "Causes of Sudden Death"; "Baking with Potatoes"; "Getting Enough Compost"; "New Gardening Ideas." Edited by Newman Turner from Ferne Farm, Shaftesbury, Dorset. 2*s.* 6*d.* a copy or 10*s.* a year post free.

"THE Prince Philip Story" in the current issue of "Reader's Review" raises a question that only you can answer. From newsagents, or 1*s.* 9*d.* post free from 140, Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology, 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s.* 6*d.*; Life (Int.), 57*s.* 6*d.*; Popular Mechanics, 32*s.*; Popular Photography 36*s.*; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THIS Month's Penguins. The Case of the Gilded Fly—Edmund Crispin (2*s.*); Keep It Quiet—Richard Hull (2*s.*); Blood Upon the Snow—Hilda Lawrence (2*s.*); The Immaterial Murder Case—Julian Symons (2*s.*); Daughter of Time—Josephine Tey (2*s.*); The Kingship of Christ—Dr. G. K. A. Bell (2*s.*); Pelicans: Introduction to Typography—Oliver Simon (3*s.* 6d.); Islam—Alfred Guillaume (2*s.*); The Prehistory of East Africa—Sonia Cole (2*s.* 6*d.*); Classics: Fables of Aesop—Trans. by S. A. Handford (2*s.* 6*d.*); Thucydides: The Peloponnesian War—Trans. by Rex Warner (5*s.*); Shakespeare: Measure for Measure (2*s.*); Buildings of England: Essex (5*s.*). Complete list from Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers please write 3300 Clipper Mill Road, Baltimore, Maryland.

DUFF Cooper. A very few copies are available of the late Lord Norwich's "Translations and Verses" in the original limited edition of 600 copies. Printed on hand-made paper and beautifully bound in scarlet buckram 15*s.* The Dropmore Press, 9 Great James St., London, W.C.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside" by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8*s.* from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE literature of Social-Economic Movements, and private libraries bought. Lists free to overseas N.S. readers. Hammersmith Bkshop., Beadon Rd. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6*d.*/15s. 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House with private garden, within 10 mins. of the West End. Resident Housekeeper. Bed & breakfast (other meals optional), students sharing from £2 10s. per week. Doubles from £4 10s. per week. Apply Managing Agents, E.K. House, 66 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 2989.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18-30). International. Single divan-rooms. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furnished service room with breakfast and dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

FLAT. Kit., double bed-sitter. All conven. Comfort. 3gns. wkly. BAY. 6856.

COMF. bed-sit.-rm. Use kit. Suit bus. lady. Battersea Park. MAC. 3115.

KENSINGTON. Lge. well furn. div.-sit.-rm., entrance floor, gdns., fitted basin, good ckg. fac., light, linen, C.H.W., serv. 3gns. Suit prof. man. PAR. 9688.

N.W.8. Large single divan-room, fitted basin, all facilities for business person. Linen, no service. 50s. MAI 2600.

LOVELY furn. sgle. flat, redec., Hampstead. Own 'phone, kit., bthrm. MAI. 2821.

HAMPSTEAD. Attract. furn. bed-sit., dble./sgle. Ckg. fac. Washbas. H. & C. 3 min. Fin. Rd. buses nr. Heath. HAM. 7428.

S/D. Bed., lounge, kit. facils., furn. flat, vac. July. N.8. 5gns. Box 9187.

WELL-furn. dble. bedrm., sit-rm., own kitchenette, separate meter, use bthrm. £3 3s. Garage available. TUD. 7104.

LANCASTER Gate. Wanted, cheerful lady to share mod. flat approx. 6 mths. Own divan-room. £3. Box 9102.

HIGHGATE Ponds. All-electric house, large garden, suit family 2/3 children, Aug. 21-Sept. 18. MOU. 2838. Box 9039.

HAMPSTEAD, nr. Heath, tube & buses. Single rm. suit bus./prof. man. Cooking facils., dly. cleaning, c.h.w. Quiet comfort. Also dble. suit two ditto or couple. HAM. 9734. Box 9016.

LARGE furnished bed-sitting room, quiet household, suit prof. woman. C.h.w., use kitchen, bath. Moderate. GLA. 5131.

GOLDERS Green. Quiet tenant(s) required for two newly contemporarily furnished rms. (kitchen & bed-sitting rm.). MEA. 2280.

STUDENT m. wishes share his pleasant s.c. flat one or two others. BAY. 0987.

LARGE furn. room, N.W.3. E.l., c.h.w., linen, use bath, 'phone. PRI. 6819.

DOUBLE furnished divan-room, service, linen, laundry, constant hot, use of 'phone, cooking facilities, 1st flr., front, £3. Slade, 27 Howitt Road, N.W.3. PRI. 8291.

COMFORTABLE sunny room, N. London; woman only. 35s. incl. baths, cooking facs., gas, elec, use garden. Box 8993.

PLEASANT sgle. divan-room w. basin, near Finchley Rd. Station. MAI. 4306.

ST. John's Wood. Furn. dble. bedrm., lounge, kit.-dining rm., bathrm. Ascots, Hurseal H., garden. Own phone. PRI. 1075.

BED-sitting rm. to let, 30s. wkly. Clapham Sth. Ckg. facils. BAT. 3565.

HAMPSTEAD. Newly-eqppd. flatlet, gas ckr., storage heater, built-in kit'nette, linen, crockery, just off 24 bus route. No colour prejudice. 52s. 6*d.* p.w HOL. 6237.

FINCHLEY, furnished: bedroom (2 single divans) and living-room, with h. & c.; all conveniences. FIN. 6670.

LONDON flat, sleep 1/2, available 6-8 wks., July/August at nominal rent but some responsibilities. Box 9240.

HOLLAND Park. Attract. furn. flat in private house avail. end of July; 2 divan-rooms, kt., bath., c.h.w., elec. lt., some cent. heating & service, 'phone. Suit 2 prof. women. 5½gns. 'Phone evgs. PARk 7819.

HAMPSTEAD: unfurn. spacious sunny maisonette, 5 rooms, kit., bathroom, £430 incl., large gdn. Complete furniture, below value, £250. Near transport. Box 9131.

CHELSEA. Pleasant furnished room to let. Breakfast, linen, service. 60s. a week. Apply Box 9025.

BED-sit., ckg. fac. W. Dulwich. 30s. p.w. Use bath., kit., tel. GIP. 4276.

ST. John's Wood. Charm. furn. flat, large lounge, small double-bedroom, kit. w.h.w., sh. bath. 4gns. p.w. incl. el. & part. heating. Ref. reqd. MAI. 5647.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LONDON, S.E.24. Doctor's house, B/B. 10*s.* 6*d.* ea. Double bedroom. Garden. Baby-sitting available. Dog welcome. Any period July 7-Aug.6. Box 9106.

FLAT (N.W.6.), s/c., newly furn. & dec. 3 rms., kit. & bath. Suit 3 prof./bus. persons. Easy access West End/City. £6 10s. incl. electric light. Box 9070.

N.W.3, opp. Tube. Furn. flat 3 rms., k/b., gdn. 6½*gns.* Sleep 4. PRI. 3560.

FLAT with garden St. John's Wood. Four rooms, three attic rooms. Suit family. Furnished. One year or longer. Box 8270.

14FT. × 20ft. s. b-s. Swiss Cottage. Newly dec. & furn., with encl. cooker. £2 15*s.* plus baby-sitting. MAI. 8329.

S.W.3. Attrac. div-sit.-rm. Retd. gentleman, sole p.g. FLA 8667 lunch-time.

BED-sitting room with service, linen, breakfast, in private house, near bus and tube. HAMpstead 9271.

S. DEVON 'twixt sea & moors, holiday chalet & mansion flatlets. Merrington, Strode, Ermington; Modbury 362.

HOMELY accommodation in bachelor's rural cottage, Surrey, for 1/2 others as paying guests. Secluded, peaceful surroundings. Any period. Moderate terms. Box 8910.

ST. ANTHONY in Roseland, South Cornwall, few minutes from two lovely beaches, uninterrupted view of country & river, 3-rmd. furn. bungalow, with piano. Ideal for creative artist seeking peace and beauty. Suit 1 or 2, short or long let. R.M.S., Floraven, Portscatho, Cornwall. ('Phone 51.)

COTTAGE, Lake District, for exch. acc. pref. nr. Br. Museum July/Spt. Box 8981.

EXCH. flat S. Ken. for similar seaside/cntry. week/fortnight July. Box 9136.

PROFESSIONAL couple seek unfurn. flat, pref. cent. London area, 2/3 rms. (poss. studio), kit., bath. No children/pets. Max. rent £4 p.w. Box 9107.

YOUNG couple, professional, seek small flat in S.E. London. Blackheath & more salubrious part Greenwich preferable, but not essential. Long lease from August. Moderate rent essential. Would redecorate. Box 8914.

UNFURNISHED flat, 3/4 rooms, K. & B., required by lady anxious to care for aged mother, now abroad. London area, low rent please. £200 f. & f. Box 9029.

WOMAN graduate requires accommodation, pref. self cont., & use garden, for quiet study. N.W. From Sept. Box 9034.

QUIET m. couple, expecting baby Oct., seek furn./part-furn. rooms N.W. Lon. Willing to baby-sit, etc. Gray, GLA. 1543.

LADY reqs. furn. room, pref. Hampstead. Personal freedom essential. Box 9081.

JEWISH advertising man sks. London accom. where non-Orthodox life may be cheerfully lived without fuss or bother, but with bkfast, evg. meal, most weekend meals, laundry, garage/car space: terms? Box 9128.

YNG. prof. cple., Camb. graduates, seek unf. flat, min. 2 rms., k. & b. Up to £150 p.a. Easy reach Whitehall. Box 9195.

UNIV. lecturer (woman) reqs. s/c. unfurn. flat in Central London. Box 9160.

MUSIC-lover (woman bank clerk), own piano, reqs. furn. rm., ckg. facs. Pref. S.W.1/S.E./Hampstead. Reas. Box 9144.

COLOURED student sks. bed-sit. pref. with family W./S.W. London. Box 9178.

WANTED Aug.-Sept., furnished cottage/flat, reasonable, in country district, within reach London, for prof. man's home-leave. (3 persons). Box 9037.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA 3012.

MEETINGS enable you to reach those who attend. A duplicator will enable you to reach those who don't! A Foolscap "Emphas" will give a lifetime of first-class service, yet it costs only £5 complete ready to use and guaranteed. Illus. details from makers Blaiklock, Gray Ltd., Hockley, Essex.

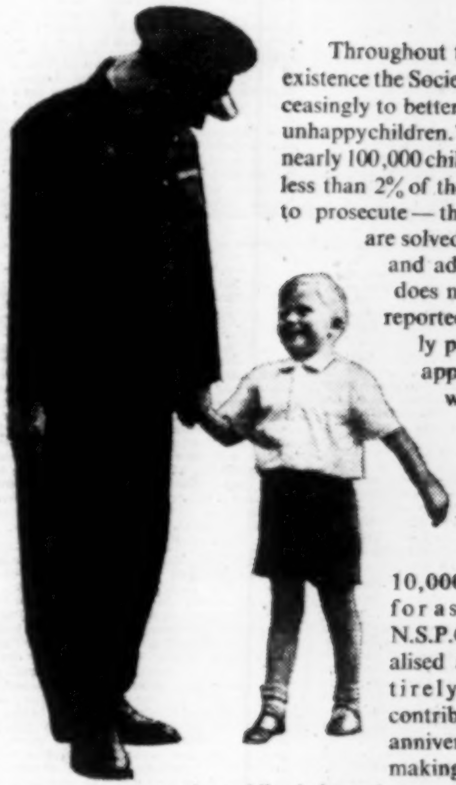
CONTACT Lenses. The London Contact Lens Centres, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Booklet sent.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

SKILLED experienced indexing, proof-reading, blurb-writing, by Cambridge history graduate. Two years War History records. Analytic index compiled for volume publ. by Cambridge University Press. Work completed for well-known publishers, bookseller, author. Articles pub. in nat. ballet monthlies and weekly review. Terms by arrangement. Also intd. part/whole-time post. Box 8998.

We celebrate our 70th Anniversary on July 8th



Throughout the 70 years of its existence the Society has worked unceasingly to better the conditions of unhappy children. Today it deals with nearly 100,000 children each year. In less than 2% of these is it necessary to prosecute — the great majority are solved by practical help and advice. The Society does not deal only with reported cases. Frequently parents themselves approach us for help with various problems, such as housing accommodation, employment, illness, etc. Last year more than 10,000 parents asked for assistance. The N.S.P.C.C. is not nationalised and depends entirely on voluntary contributions. This 70th anniversary year we are making a double appeal to the public: help us in our work by reporting to us any cases of children who need our assistance, and please continue to give us your financial support.

N·S·P·C·C

PRESIDENT: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET

VICTORY HOUSE • LEICESTER SQUARE • LONDON WC2

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Applications are invited for the newly-established Chair of Education. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of Education in the Faculty of Arts. It is the policy of the University that about half a Professor's time shall be available for the prosecution of his own scholarship and research. Particulars: Every potential candidate is invited to obtain from the undersigned or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, a statement of the responsibilities and functions of the University Department of Education, and a copy of the formal terms of appointment to the Chair, which are the same as for other Professors in the University. A potential candidate in Great Britain may also borrow from the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth a coloured film illustrating the University and the city and surroundings of Adelaide. Salary: £A2,350 a year, with superannuation provision on the F.S.S.U. basis. Applications: Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age, academic qualifications, experience, and war service (if any) and accompanied by a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health, a list of publications, copies of testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned not later than July 30, 1954 Further information will be supplied on request to A. W. Bampton, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, Australia.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Lectureship in Modern Economic History and/or Economic Development Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Modern Economic History and/or Econome Development tenable from October 1, 1954. Salary scale: £500 to £1,100. Initial salary according to experience and qualifications. F.S.S.U. and family allowance benefits. Applications (6 copies) should be lodged, not later than June 30, 1954, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

PSYCHOLOGISTS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for four permanent posts for Psychologists, in the Air Ministry and Prison Commission. There is also one vacancy for a Principal Psychologist in the Admiralty. There may be other vacancies later. One of the Psychologist posts in the Prison Commission is open to men and women; the other three Psychologist posts and the Principal Psychologist post are open to men only. Age for Principal Psychologist at least 31 on June 1, 1954; for Psychologist at least 21 and under 31 on June 1, 1954, with extension for Regular Forces service. London remuneration (including extra duty allowance, where payable): Principal Psychologist £1,366-£1,550; Psychologist £486 (at age 21) to £966 (women), £1,080 (men). Starting pay up to £815 (women), £842 (men) at age 30 or over on entry. Promotion prospects. Particulars (including qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 75/54. Application forms to be returned by July 8, 1954.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a University certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £595 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than July 12, 1954. Canvassing forbidden.

LONDON Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department Applications are invited for the post of Education Organiser. Applicants should be experienced in organising all forms of adult education, while the duties will also include some work in the youth and cultural sections, and the preparation of appropriate reports, etc. A sound knowledge of the Co-operative Movement is essential. Salary £500 p.a. × £20 to £600, point of entry to the scale being determined by experience and qualifications. Further particulars and application forms from the Education Secretary, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Closing date for applications July 14.

A NATIONAL Organisation offers a two-year appointment as Research Assistant to Graduate with Good Honours Degree in Modern History, to work on an aspect of English domestic history. Salary £450 per annum, plus travelling expenses. Enquiries and Applications to Box 9085 within 1 week.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prisons and Borstal Institutions. There are two vacancies in the provinces (probably in Leeds and Durham) and one at Richmond, Surrey. Male applicants will be preferred for the provincial posts but female applicants will be considered. Duties will mainly consist in the group use of intelligence and aptitude tests together with the recording and filing of test results and other information. The work will be carried out under the direction of a psychologist or medical officer. Some previous experience in psychological group testing either in H.M. Forces or elsewhere is required. Salary scale: (London) men £450 by 4 increments to £515 per annum, women £365 by 4 increments to £420 per annum. Outside London slightly less. The minimum of £450 (men), £365 (women) is linked to age 24. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by 1 increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Entrants aged 24 and over will enter at the minimum of the scale. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84/4/22), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle St., Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned by July 3, 1954.

MINISTRY of Agriculture and Fisheries: Agricultural Economist: The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a permanent appointment in London. Age at least 26 on June 1, 1954. Candidates must have a first- or second-class honours degree in agriculture, economics or related subject. If no honours course a pass degree with equivalent standard will be considered. Every candidate must have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. London remuneration, including extra duty allowance where payable—men £1,053-£1,242; women £912-£1,107. Exceptionally a starting salary above the minimum may be granted. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4344/54. Application forms to be returned by July 5, 1954.

THE Research Laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., East Lane, North Wembley, Middx. have a vacancy for a Statistician who is qualified in modern techniques applied to queueing problems, auto-correlation, information theory, sequential analysis, experimental design, etc. Candidates should hold a good honours mathematics degree, preferably with physics up to at least Inter. B.Sc. standard, and must have completed National Service if under 26 years of age. Some knowledge of electronics would be an advantage. This is a senior position in which personal qualities of tact, initiative, and the ability to get on well with staff (including factory staff) at all levels are essential. Apply in writing to the Staff Manager (Ref. RLO/31), giving full particulars age, qualifics. and exper.

A SUPERVISOR (woman) is required in the Statistics Section of Mars Ltd., of Slough, to be responsible to the Statistician for (1) the planning and processing of routine work including the control of staff; (2) building up and maintaining an information service on economic data. Applicants should be between 25-35 with previous experience in at least one of the above fields. It will be an advantage for applicants to have either a degree with an economic or mathematical bias or experience of using punched card equipment and a working knowledge of a modern language. Salary £520-£624. Non-contributory pension scheme. Applications should be addressed to the Recruitment Officer, Mars Ltd., Dundee Road, Slough, Bucks.

HOSPITAL Management Committee for St. Francis and The Lady Chichester Hospitals. The Lady Chichester Hospital, New Church Road, Hove, Sussex. Psychiatric Social Worker required. The Lady Chichester Hospital is a Neurosis Centre of 70 beds for men, women and children with Out-Patients' Department. Salary as laid down by the Professional and Technical Whitley Council, viz., £500 per annum (after two years' experience), rising to £640 per annum. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics or any other approved certificate. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, to be forwarded as soon as possible to the Secretary, St. Francis Hospital, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

DOBROYD Castle School. Housemaster required for this Home Office Approved School for 70 Senior Boys (age 15 to 18). Academic training and ability to coach games and athletics will be of assistance, but the essentials are: a concern for the job, a capacity for very hard work and the personal qualities necessary for the social training of difficult and unstable young men. For those applicants not possessing recognised qualifications, approval by a Home Office Board will be necessary. Salary in accordance with agreed scale of £540 × £15 to £600 × £20 to £700. Accommodation in the School for a single man, for which a charge of £108 per annum will be made. Applications (with names of three referees) to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancs.

PONTYPOOL Educational Settlement. Applications are invited for the post of Warden's Assistant (Woman) to take charge of Drama Activities and Women's Clubs. Applicants should have organising ability and qualifications in drama. Application form and further particulars from: The Warden, Pontypool Educational Settlement, Rockhill Road, Pontypool, Mon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY Education Committee. Sheephatch Camp School, Tilford, nr. Farnham. Applications are invited from suitably qualified teachers for the following posts: (1) Master for Rural Science, (2) Mistress or Master for Music, (3) Mistress and Master for General Form Subjects. Free board and lodging in return for supervisory duties. Application form obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

TWO Psychiatric Social Workers required, single-handed, Senior Grade I. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £500 × £20—£640, plus London Weighting. Possession of a car would be an advantage. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications, and the names of three references, to the Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 14 days after appearance of this advertisement.

THE British Drama League invites applications for the post of Secretary. The League is an incorporated voluntary organisation devoted to the promotion of the art of the theatre in all its aspects. It has a theatrical Library of 90,000 volumes, a Training Department, an Information Bureau, its own magazine "Drama," and it organises courses, conferences, exhibitions, and a national festival of amateur drama. The Secretary is responsible to the Director for internal administration, the maintenance and development of services and activities and the promotion of the interests of the membership. Applications, stating age, details of past experience and salary expected, should be sent to the Director, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1, within 7 days.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutor required for the area around Huddersfield and Halifax. Salary scale £450 – £700. Starting salary according to qualifications, etc. Superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates capable of organising and conducting adult classes in liberal studies. Further details from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 1.

KENT Education Committee. Resident male supervisor of children required, Valence Boarding Special School, Westerham (70 physically handicapped boys and girls, ages 7 to 15, no bed cases). Salary £375 × £15—£435 less £100 for board, lodging and laundry. Applications with two recent testimonials and names of two referees to Divisional Education Officer, 39 Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells.

THE Matron of a Worcestershire Home for mentally deficient children would welcome applications from young women with sense of vocation who are prepared to share community life around children aged 3 to 16 years. Interesting work; experience not essential. All letters answered and candidates for interview will be paid expenses. Box 8986.

HOUSEMISTRESS wanted, owing to retirement, in September or January; part-time teaching; boarding school experience if possible. Free board and residence and full Burnham Scale (addition if house experience). Apply Head Mistress, St. Felix School, Southwold, Suffolk.

SHROPSHIRE. Small community school for boys 10-16 years requires Mistress, September; general subjects, art an advantage. Happy atmosphere; good opportunity for capable, well-balanced person. Burnham scale. Reply: Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Nr. Shrewsbury.

TWO teachers with experience in progressive education required for independent co-educational hostel-school for maladjusted children. Write, stating qualifications and interests. Box 9048.

CONGENIAL home offered to the right person. Young couple seek someone capable of coping with domestic work in pleasant flat. One child, 3 (at school); one baby. (Mother working free-lance.) Own room. Free time. Wages by agreement. 'Phone MOU. 9995 or write Box 9065.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

FAMILY Planning Clinic. Superintendent, married woman. Responsible varied work. Organis. exp. 35 hr. wk. Some evg. work. No Sats. Com. sal. £450. Box 9163.

WELFARE workers' team, overworking in harmony, require a fourth to share the load. Progressive approach; able to compose effective letters and to type them. Apply in writing, mentioning starting salary req., to Electrical Industries Benevolent Assoc., 32 Old Burlington St., London, W.1.

CONTINENTAL Department of internationally known Company requires a Manager. A versatile and capable man who has a first-rate knowledge of French and/or German and is an able negotiator should find this a congenial and progressive position. Applications should give details of age and experience. Box 9172.

TEMPORARY Shorthand and Copy Typists wanted for interesting work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WESTMINSTER Hospital, St. John's Gardens, London, S.W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) required. Experience with both adults and children essential. Preference given to those holding Mental Health Certificate. N.H.S. Salary Scale. Post vacant October. Applications, naming two referees, to House Governor by July 20. Hospital may be visited by appointment (VIC. 8161, ex. 18).

ASSISTANT Wardens required for boys' hostels in London and Cambridge. Commencing salary £3 5s. p.w., live in, all found. Assistance with study for Social Science Diploma. Some experience with young people essential. Apply in writing to the General Secretary, The S.O.S. Society. 24 Ashburn Place, S.W.7.

YOUNG lady, literary interests, perfect English and German, to take notes once or twice a week from author with failing eyesight. Write Box 8992.

TUTORS in English required for Continental pupils part-time. Mornings 15hrs. per week. Denmark Hill area. Box 9038.

FABIAN Society requires Secretary/Shorthand-typists for Colonial Bureau and Schools organisation. £305/£325 p.a. according to qualifications, plus increments; 5-day week. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hillgate Street, London, W.8.

HOLIDAY job. Solicitor's wife needs effic. helper for cooking & general duties. Wimbledon. For self, husband, children 14 & 16, end July-mid-Sept. Box 9231.

REQD. Man or woman capable running agency. Excellent prospects. Box 9042.

COOK'S assistant (man or woman), wanted at small school for difficult children. £150/£200, plus full emoluments. Box 9142.

SENIOR shorthand typist wanted for permanent and interesting position in London office of busy and expanding textile processes manufacturing company. Commercial experience essential. Good opportunity for someone with ability and initiative. Write Staflex Co. Ltd., 51a Rathbone Pl., W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist, experienced, required by National Marriage Guidance Council. Hours 9-5 and occasional Saturday mornings. Starting salary £6 p.w. Written applications to Office Secretary, N.M.G.C., 78 Duke Street, W.1.

SECRETARY Sh./typist for Senior Partner of City practising Accountants. Good salary. Similar exper. not essent. Box 9192.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. £7. Introductions to good perm. posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, estab. publishers. Exp., age, salary. Box 8930

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (opp. New Victoria Cinema), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Short hours. No Sats. Up to £7 10s. p.w.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

OVER-40 seeks position where legal commercial knowledge required. Highest references. Box 8822.

B.A. Camb. (aged 53). Geography to A.L. Scholarship. Good Latin. General subjects. Wants permanent post September. Non-resident or accommodation for wife. Box 9031.

CRAFTSMAN in wood - teacher - social worker settling Ross-on-Wye this month seeks commissions and part- or full-time work. Fair range interests. Scope appreciated, but pot-boiling gladly accepted. Middle thirties, reliable, own transport. Box 8886.

WOMAN graduate, 35, teaching/secretarial exper., sks. interesting work. G. Jones, 14 Bellsmill Tce., Winchburgh, W. Lothian.

YNG. woman, ex-Child Welf. Officer, Soc. Sc./Child Care Certs., s./typing, driving, urgently reqs. post London 1yr. Intstd. soc. work, mental health, the Arts. Any lively, worth-while job consid. Box 9182.

GRADUATE, male, 34, wide admin. exp. local govt. and voluntary orgn., adaptable, energetic, sks. post Lon. area. Box 9032.

EFFICIENT Sec./Sh.-Typist desires part-time work at home (own typewriter) or would consider approx. 2 days p.w. at office. Tel. FIN. 0049 or write Box 8964.

FRENCH student, 17, seeks holiday job England, free July 15. Jacques Masselot, 6 rue Rodier, Paris 9.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905

SUMMER SCHOOLS—cont. from p. 848

THE Davidson Clinic (for Analytical Psychotherapy). Summer School, July 28 to August 3, 1954. Subject: "Conscience & Psychology." Guest Lecturers: Dr. J. C. Flugel, London; H. J. Home, Esq., B.A. (Oxon), London. Dr. Winifred Rushforth, Dr. W. P. Kraemer and other members of the Clinic Staff also take part. Further partics. from Sec., 58 Dalkeith Rd., Edinburgh, 9.

THINKERS' Holiday Organization. 1954 Summer School, New Forest. "Religion in the Atomic Age"—a critical analysis. July 31-August 6: "Religion and Modern Science," Prof. L. Arnaud Reid, Dr. P. E. Hodgson, Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. D. Lewis, Prof. H. H. Price, Canon C. E. Raven, D. A. Routh, Dr. R. H Thouless. August 7-14: "Religion in Relation to Modern Ethical and Social Problems," Prof. A. J. Ayer, A. Basu, H. J. Blackham, P. Leon, Prof. H. D. Lewis, A. C. MacIntyre, Maung Maung Ji, Dr. Zwi Werblowsky, the Iman of Shah Jehan Mosque. Full social programme—excursions, dances, sport, etc. For details apply to The Secretary, 4 Cranley Gdns., London, S.W.7. Visitors from abroad especially welcome.

VIENNA University Summer School July 15-Sept. 30. Experienced Professors lecture on German Language and Literature for Beginners and Advanced. Academic qualification not essential. Enqs.: Four Seasons Travel, Ltd., 49 Dover St., London, W.1. GRO. 7853. (Representatives in the U.K.)

LANGUAGE Holidays. Enjoy a gay and varied holiday with bathing, tennis, dancing, excursions, and at the same time improve your knowledge of German, French or Spanish. International House Party holidays in Britain, Switzerland or Austria. For full details consult our "Language Holiday Leaflet," Erna Low, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

LEATHERHEAD Repertory Theatre, Surrey. Summer Drama School, August 9-20. Practical Course for Amateurs with professional staff under professional conditions. Fee 5½*gns.* Syllabus: Mrs. M. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, London, S.W.19.

HOLIDAY course for Continental students. The 8th Course will be held this summer from July 21—Sept. 1. Young people of all nationalities welcome. English lectures. Graduate staff. All sports. Large estate, private beach, and plentiful food. Prospectus from the Secretary, Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

PERSONAL

SAILING on the Broads offered free to a few suitable men in return for taking charge of a boat & five boys. Vacancies owing to expansion of Able Boys' scheme. Interview essential: Oxford, London or anywhere reasonable. R. R. Skemp, 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

BOY twins, aged 6 months, urgently need a permanent home together with loving foster parents. Offers to the Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford.

STUDENT exchange: boy 17, of Karlsruhe (Rhine), Germany, with English boy from small city or country during school holidays. Particulars Box 8899.

BIOLOGY Teachers from Israel (2 ladies, 3 gentlemen) wish to come to London to study developments in their subject. Will appreciate offers of exchange of hospitality from persons interested in visiting Israel later. Please write Dr. D. Gertz, Biology Masters' Assn., 4 Herman Cohen St., Tel-Aviv, Israel.

RESIDENT job in Architect's family in Hampstead Village. Full-time domestic and secretarial work (shorthand essential). Varied and interesting life, friendly atmosphere. Child or husband welc. Box 9090.

AUGUST. 2 seats wanted by reliable couple (1 driver) in holiday car, pref. Austria. Exps. &c. generously shared. Box 8888.

SWITZERLAND: young girl wanted to help with housekeeping & look after 2 small children. Family life. Pocket money. Write Madame Schaub, Florissant 3, Geneva.

GERMAN or Italian conversn. wanted (Lon). Engl./payment in retn. Box 8877.

EXCHANGE rectory flat, 4 beds, lovely country, Essex, for accom. near sea, family 3, fortnight August. Box 8860.

YOUNG man (20) sks. companion (m.) for 2/3 wks. holiday July-Sept. Box 8824.

PROVENCE: young woman seeks compan. (f.) inexp. tour July/Aug. Box 8817.

FALMOUTH. Inexpensive holidays aboard luxury motor yacht with inclusive charter of sailing or rowing dinghy with outboard engine, also 25ft. fishing boat. Up to five guests taken weekly/fortnightly. Bagnall, Box 17, Falmouth.

KINDLY foster parents (London or near) wanted for Sebastian 3 yrs. and Christopher 5 yrs. (now in L.C.C. care) from September to July, while mother trains as teacher. £3 10s. per week. Box 8929.

VACANCIES for English-speaking members of Anglo-Italian holiday courses (July) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. 'Phone Checkendon 221.

CAR-dormobile, 7-seat, going to Nice July 26, returning Aug. 8—3-day trip away. £15 return—transport only. Fothergill, 5 Nelson Rd., N.8.

FOR Sale, Paris (Montparnasse) charming 3-rm. flat. with all facils. Box 9133.

PERSONAL—continued

CLAVICHORD in beautifully figured Indian laurel and satin-wood, 69*gns.*; pair of instruments, clavichord and virginals in aspen and teak, 130*gns.* Michael Thomas, Naphill, High Wycombe. Naphill 395.

TIROL, Fieberbrunn, enjoy scenery, good food, service, very reasonably at: Alte Post. Warmly rec. GUL. 6822.

ENGLISHMAN, 32 yrs., with intelligence, university training, an honourable and successful record, and small capital, seeks useful and profitable work anywhere in the world. Box 8968.

LADY, late 20s, desirous of joining small walking party hostelling through France/Italy late August/Sept. Box 8966.

AUGUST; widow, teacher, but cheerful, wants work, e.g., mother's help, where daughter, 11, welcome. Box 8907.

GERMAN boy, 15, wishes to stay as paying guest with English family during August. Easy access to London. Box 8905.

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FRENCH taught conversationally by thoroughly experienced Parisian. Henri Bernot, 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane St., S.W.1. (SLO. 3851.)

TWO vacancies in car to Damascus & back, July 27-October 6. Cost about £65. J. A. Simmers, Keble College, Oxford.

TEACHER (f.) reqs. yng. fem. companion Greek hol. July 30-Aug. 22. Box 9134.

CHILDREN only. Hillaway Houses for Children, in selected beauty spots of South Devon, woodlands, moors, or sea. Equipped and staffed to give happiness, health and fun. Convalescing or holiday. For details write, Mr. & Mrs. Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh, Devon.

12-year-old German girl would like to be paying guest in English family with children for July & Aug. Box 9233.

CANAL cruisers vacant, July-Aug. 4/6-berth, July 3-17; 3/4-berth, July 17-31; 2-berth, July 24/31; 2/3-berth, 31-Aug. 7. Canal Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs.

QUALIFIED and experienced Singing Teacher would like to contact Teacher of Speech and Drama interested in an exchange of lessons. Also accompanist interested in occasional mutual practice. London N. or N.W. preferred. Box 8937.

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TEENAGE Holidays. Enjoyable ten days in August, Drama School, Central London. Fee: 5½*gns.* Dramatic Art & Movement. Make-up. Visit back-stage West End Theatre. Details. Sec., Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (LANgham 3626).

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MICHAEL Werner would take two private pupils for sculpture (modelling). Phone HAM. 0967, or apply Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. MAY. 2573.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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PERSONAL—continued

SALZBURG Festival. Tickets available from 10s. for the first, second and third weeks of the Festival. Operas—Der Freischütz, Ariadne auf Naxos, Penelope and also orchestral concerts. Write for full information to the N.U.S. Travel Department, 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

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TEN-day tour through Denmark. Visits to Copenhagen, Elsinore and other places of interest. London to London 25*gns.* all inclusive. Still places available on other tours, camps and hotel holidays in Jugoslavia, Austria, France, Norway and Italy. Inclusive tours to Paris with air travel from 10*gns.* for one week. Full details from "Youth Holidays," I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. (ABBey 6894).

CORSICA by Air for the ideal Mediterranean holiday at prices you can afford. Good good, fine local wine, exceptional facilities for swimming (sandy beach a mile long and also rock bathing), wild mountain scenery, many interesting excursions. Return air fare and full board and accommodation from £43 10s. to £52. Enjoy 14 carefree, sunny days at the beautiful Bay of Calvi. Write or 'phone for brochure to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CIT. 7163.

"THE Traveller In Italy" is an entirely new, completely up-to-date guide to conversation for the traveller who knows little or no Italian, which will be indispensable from the moment he sets foot in the country. 3s. net from all booksellers. Publ. by Cassell.

NO holiday arranged yet? Conven. Vicarage, Wilts. Downland, free July 31-Aug. 21. 6*gns.* wk. Macartney, Upavon, Pewsey.

CONTINENTAL Holiday (Aug. 1 to 15) on glorious Belgian coast offered Jewish youth (18-30) for £21 10s. inc. fare. Young Poale Zion Summer Camps, noted for congenial company, cult. & soc. prog. Kosher food, 3 mins. beach, Middelkerke. Y.P.Z., 36 Wellington St., W.C.2 (TEM. 2218).

PRIVATE party of prof. people has coach for 22-day leisurely tour of cathedral & university towns of Western Spain & Portugal. 7 vacancies Aug. 4-25. £61 10s. Full details: Organiser, 209 Westmount Rd. S.E.9.

CHILDREN'S holidays with riding. Parndon Hall, Harlow, offers country holidays with every amenity for children's enjoyment; eight ponies with resident Instructress; riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organise games and excursions. Vacancies Aug. and Sept. From 4½*gns.* Apply Principal, Mrs. K. Clare.

FIFTY-THREE Club (Drury Lane) invites new members. Discussion, Playreading, Music, Language, Literary. Rambling, Tennis & Explorers' groups. Box 9205.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee. 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

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SAIL on a Soviet ship to Finland. 18-day cruise and tour for 52*gns.* Departures July 2 and 23, Aug. 13, Sept. 3. Send for ill. broch. to Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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PERSONAL—continued

YNG. farmer, 24, mdst. means, wishes to meet comp. (m.), 20/30, with view to eventual partnership in smallholding, etc. Agric. exp. not essential but underlying interest needed. Might suit aspiring yng. writer or one engaged in the arts. Box 9028.

WOMAN, 52, reasonably active, French-speaking, seeks holiday companion (f.), France, Italy, Aug. 15-Sept. 5. Box 8956.

BISCAY Côte & Dordogne Valley, July 24, fortnight. Seats vacant. Mixed tour, 27*gns.* S.A.E. Box 9105.

MACEDONIA. If you would like details of a holiday we are organising "Through the Iron Gates to Macedonia." Write to R.A. Services, 48(R5) Park Road, N.W.1.

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P.S. 1954/5 Ski Programme now in preparation—special "student" parties to Bretaye and Obergurgl. Write now to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, and reserve your copy of the Programme.

SCHOOLS

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ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 38-40 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School: Temporarily Hampstead. Boys and Girls. Recognised Ministry of Education. Realistic Modern Approach. Preparation for exams. E. Paul, Ph.D. R. D. Gardner, N.F.U.

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RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St. W.1. REGent 2803. Founded 1901.

SCHOLARSHIPS

MUSIC Scholarship for entry in September. Broombank Preparatory School, Selsey-on-Sea, Sussex.

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, offers three Entrance Scholarships, value £50 per annum each, to boys under 9 on July 1 who are not already attending a similar boarding preparatory school. Candidates must attend examination and interview at the School on July 16. For further particulars write to Headmaster. Full fees £70 p. term.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CORNWALL North, overlooking sea, high sunny sheltered position, unspoilt country, stonebuilt house, garden, 2 sitting, 3/5 bedrooms, bathroom/lav., Aga kit. Freehold possess., £2,700. Offers consid. Box 8795.

SMALL Period Cottage. Highgate Village. 4 bed., dining, large lounge with sun balcony, kit., bath, garden, £3,850. Freehold. Tel. 10 a.m. CHA. 6150.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS 7 (ex. M.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Six Characters." Pirandello. Mems. 10s. yr.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391). Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday." Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.30. (Membership 2s. 6d. p.a.)

TOYNBEE Hall Theatre, nr Aldgate, E.1. 7.30, July 1, 2 & 3. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta." "It is all uproariously funny"—The Times.

CRYSTAL Palace. International Dance Festival and South Suburban Co-operative Day Fair in aid of United Nations Children's Fund. Saturday, July 3, 2 p.m.-11 p.m. 200 Dancers, including Spanish, Scandinavian, Balkan, South American, West Indian, Scottish and Irish with colourful costumes. Hanwell Silver Band. London Pipe Band. Children's Funfair. Cinema, Sideshows, Exhibition, Firework Display. Grounds 2s., Children 1s. Festival Performances 3 p.m., 8 p.m., 2s. 6d. Children 1s. 6d. Refreshments. Car Park.

CEILIDH for Edinburgh People's Festival. Ewan MacColl, Isla Cameron, Patrick Galvin. Gaelic and Scots singers. Stories and poems. Scottish Dance Band. Refreshments. Sat., June 26, Holborn Hall, 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 27: "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday" (U). From June 28: Jacques Tati in Jour de Fête (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., June 26 Charles Laughton in "Ruggles of Red Gap" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3520. Sun., June 27, 7.30, "La Ronde" (X) France.

THREE Soviet Film Premières. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.30, Sat., June 26. "Crimson Flower" (colour film based on "Beauty & the Beast.") "Happy Childhood," "Solar Eclipse." Tickets 2s. 2s. 6d. at door. Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Soc., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

SATURDAY, July 3, 7-11 p.m. Continental Dance to Isy Geyger's Viennese Ballroom Band at Casino Hotel, Taggs Island, Hampton Court. Advance tickets, 7s. 6d., from the Casino Hotel.

SUMMER Fair. Sale, sideshows, entertainments. Puppets, games, films, concerts. Bargains in books, stamps, objets d'art, foodstuffs, clothing, etc. Sat., June 26, from 3 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. (children 6d.).

GARDEN Party for Travel Enthusiasts on Monkey Island, near Bray, Sat. June 26, 3 p.m. 5s. inclg. tea. Tickets from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

CONCERTS

PROGRAMME of Spanish Music. Royal Festival Hall, Sun., June 27, at 7.30. Symphony, Arriaga; Nights in the Gardens of Spain, Falla; Intermezzo from Goyescas, Granados; Violin Concerto, Elizalde; El Amor Brujo, Falla. London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor, Gaston Poulet. Piano, Gonzalo Soriano; Violin, Thomas Matthews. Tkts. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

GRILLER String Quartet: Haydn op 33. No. 5, Beethoven op. 59, No. 3. Bloch No. 3. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, July 3 at 8. Tickets 6s. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks.

BALLADS & Blues. Ewan MacColl and A. L. Lloyd, who helped to create record Ballads & Blues success on B.B.C., with Isla Cameron, Ken Colyer's Band, Bruce Turner (clarinet)), Margaret Barrie, Al Edwards, etc. Programme of work songs of Britain and America, blues, calypsos, folk-jazz. Royal Festival Hall, Mon., July 5, at 8 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. from Hall, Agencies or People's Press Printing Society, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

INVITATION Pianoforte Recital by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Thurs., July 8, at 7. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 7 Culross Street, W.1. Stamped addressed env. must accompany all applicns by post.

EXHIBITIONS

ITALIAN Institute, 39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Show Window of Italian Contemporary Art: first Exhibition: 9 painters from Rome. May 25-July 10. Mon.-Fri., 10-1; 2.30-8; Sat. 10-1.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

GOYA. An exhibition of Drawings, Etchings & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 25. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8 (Tues., July 6, 10-6), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Claude Monet (1840-1926) in aid of The British Empire Cancer Campaign. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Pictures for Hire. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc.

THE Adams Gallery, 24 Davies St., W.1. Selections from Paris Studios.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ROYAL Festival Hall, June 28-July 3. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Dly. Admission free. See how Co-operative goods are made. Enjoy the Mannequin Parades, Organ Recitals, Cookery Dems. &c. Pres. by London Co-op. Soc. Ltd.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Braque—Paintings & Drawings from English collections supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1953. Display of Fabrics produced from Paintings shown in "Painting into Textiles" Exhibition. June 30 to July 30. Members free, non-members 1s.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd., W.14. Exhibition of Paintings by Jeannette Hannah & Roseann Manasseh, July 2-July 9, 11 a.m.-7 p.m. Admission free.

GIORGIO Morandi. Arts Council Exhibition of Paintings & Prints. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till July 24. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Paintings XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New Paintings & Drawings by Alan Reynolds; First Exhibition of Paintings by Jack Taylor. 10-1, Sat. 10-6. Closes July 3.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At The Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

MASTERPIECES from Sao Paulo. Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery. Open till Aug 15. Weekdays 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George's St., W.1. Francis Bacon paintings, William Scott drawings. Until July 16.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Jean Lurçat. Drawings. Gouaches, Oils, Pottery and Tapestry, covering the period between 1915 and 1954.

SCANDINAVIAN Exhib.: New Designs of Furniture, Fabrics, Pottery, Glass, Metal Ware. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

IVEAGH Bequest. Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"CAN Religions Co-operate To-day?" Panelled Discussion Caxton Hall, Friday, June 25, at 7.30 p.m. Participating representatives, Rev. Edward Carpenter, M.A., Ph.D. (Canon of Westminster), Dr. Abdul Kader, M.A., Ph.D. (Islamic Cultural Centre), Mr. Wallace Bell (Council of Christians and Jews), Mr. P. D. Mehta, M.A. (Lecturer, Indian Religions), Rev. Claud Coltman, M.A. Admission free.

SARADA Centenary Women's Conference: Caxton Hall (near St. James's Park Stn.), Wed., June 30, 7 p.m. "Contributions to Spiritual Life by Women of Different Religions." Speakers: Phyllis Austin (Hinduism), Beatrice Saxon Snell (Christianity), Suman Rao (Hinduism), Begum Raschid (Islam), Rose Henriques (Judaism), Maureen Proudman (Buddhism), Sylvia Carmen (Christianity). All women welcome.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday, Jun. 25. Mrs. Sylvia Bell, "Children and the Comic Strip." Friday, Jul. 2. H. Hellmann, "German Rearmament."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 3 at 6 p.m. Señor J. Ugidos: "Comentarios Poéticos."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

GERMAN Rearmament Conference: Sat., June 26 2.30 p.m. Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane (Mansion Hse. Stn.). Spkrs.: Kenneth Younger, M.P., Frank Beswick, M.P. Tickets at door.

SOUTH London Peace Rally, Battersea Town Hall, Wednesday, June 30, 7.30 p.m. "Ban the H-Bomb." Mr. D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Councillor I. C. Pickford (Battersea B.C.), Mrs. P. Seares (Ex-Service Movement for Peace), Dr. M. J. Seaton (Univ. Lecturer in Physics). Admission 6d.

DENIS Healey, M.P., on "Anglo-American Relations," St. Marylebone Fab. Soc. Dinner-meeting, 7 p.m., Tues., June 29. The Mayflower Rest., Corner Baker St./George St. Guests 6s. 6d. Ring CUN. 6546.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Maurice Goldsmith, formerly on the staff of U.N.E.S.C.O. in Paris, on "U.N.E.S.C.O. and the Relief of International Tensions." Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1, on Monday, June 28, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

SHAW Society: C. B. Purdom on "Shaw & Granville-Barker" (chair: J. F. Horrabin); National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., June 28, 7 p.m. Non-members 1s. 6d. Forest ramble: June 27, Loughton Station, 11.30. Enqs.: 45 Steeplestone Cl., London, N.18.

"THE H-Bomb and Education." Public Meeting addressed by Mr. George Thomas, M.P., & Miss Joan Ingram (Educationalist). Chair: Mr. Anthony Greenwood, M.P. Tues., June 29, 7.15. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Hydrogen Bomb Cttee., 141 Victoria St., S.W.1.

THE Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger, M.P., on "Middle East Defence," at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Gt. Windmill St., W.1. Tuesday, June 29, 8.15 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Baroness Von der Heydt on "Jung's Psychology of Religion," Conway Hall, Tues., June 29, at 7.30.

E. W. ORR, "The World's Food." New Generation Group, Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., June 28, at 8.

ELEANOR Graham, Naomi Mitchison & Leila Berg lead a discn for Children's Writers, Publishers, Psychologists, etc.; on Violence in Children's Stories, held by A.W.P.A., Thurs., July 1, 7 p.m., at 7 Albemarle St., W.1.

PUSHKIN Club, Academy House, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W.11. 8 p.m., Friday, June 25: Mr. Arnold Haskell: "Russian Ballet," Friday, July 2: Miss Elisaveta Fen: "Vladimir Soloviev."

"ASSOCIATION Football—After Budapest." Open Disc. led by J. P. W. Mallalieu, M.P. St. Anne's Ch. Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30, Mon., June 28. B.W.S.A. Mems. 1s. Ors. 1s. 6d. (Half-price L.O.Y., Students.)

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., June 27. Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "Colonial War to World War?" Adm. free.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "What has become of the Devil?" The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., June 27 at 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m., Wed., June 30. "The History of Buddhism in England"; Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesday 6.30. Caxton Hall. Subject for June 29. "Yoga and the World." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays 7 p.m. June 27: "The Need for Religion."

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